

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1747

OCTOBER 28, 1905

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THE LITERARY WEEK

IN the charming address made on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of Edinburgh, Mr. Balfour gave three instances of pieces of memorable literature created in the seventeenth century, "a record of conversations by Drummond of Hawthornden, a single lyric by the great Montrose, and one sentence of Fletcher of Saltoun." These Mr. Balfour asserted to be the only things memorable in the seventeenth century. But surely consideration would make him change his mind. There are sentences written by John Knox that would compare with any prose of the time; and in Mr. Balfour's talk of Scotland blossoming after the Union, he omitted to make any reference to the Scottish ballads. These ballads, after everything has been given its due weight, probably represent the very best that Scottish literature has so far brought forth. We know that it is not easy to date them. It would take us on to very uncertain ground were we to pretend to fix a date even to the best of the ballads, but little doubt can be entertained that they were written before the opening of the eighteenth century. It is true that Mr. J. H. Millar, no light authority, in his "Literary History of Scotland," will have it that Lady Wardlaw, Mickle, Joanna Baillie, Leyden, Scott, Hogg and Mr. Rudyard Kipling were all able to write ballads, but here we take it that Mr. Millar, in the language of his own countrymen, is "havering a wee." There is certainly nothing in the best work of the best writers he has cited that approaches the finest of the ballads, and this is so absolutely true that we scarcely care to argue about it.

Mr. Balfour's exaltation of the Scotland that came into existence after the Union was, of course, very natural upon a festive occasion when careful and exact criticism would have been out of place; but, after all, Scotland since the Union has not produced a Shakespeare in literature, a Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics, or a Bacon in philosophy. She would seem rather to have shared in a simple manner the prosperity of the country to which she was united. Edinburgh naturally became a great literary centre in the time of Burns, and, as naturally, ceased to be so when the new means of locomotion brought London within easy reach. Two names, of course, stand out pre-eminently in the history of Scottish literature, those of Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, with Thomas Carlyle perhaps a good third. But we are afraid that the ingenious theory put forward by Mr. Balfour cannot account for their appearance; otherwise it would be imperative to find at least an equally good reason for the coming of Fielding or Robert Herrick.

Lovers of Dryden may regret to hear that the house in Long Acre, where he resided from 1682 to 1686, is in process of demolition. Considered from a literary point of view, this is the most brilliant part of Dryden's life, nearly coinciding with the period when he abandoned rhymed heroic drama for didactic and satiric poetry. In 1681 he had published "Absalom and Achitophel" and, when one

of the objects of the poem had failed owing to Shaftesbury's acquittal, Dryden produced "The Medal," inspired, as it is said, by Charles II. himself, who suggested to Dryden, when they were walking in the Mall, the subject and the manner of its treatment. The same year Dryden by his "MacFlecknoe" laid low Shadwell:

"The rest to some faint meaning make pretence
But Shadwell never deviates into sense,"

and this was followed by the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel." Pecuniary want, however, pressed heavily upon the poet during these four years, and to relieve it he was appointed Collector of the Customs for the port of London at an annual salary of £5.

Dryden also lived in Fetter Lane, in a house which has been pulled down, and he died at 43 Gerrard Street, Soho, where there is a tablet to his memory. The building in Long Acre is of interest, not only because of its association with Dryden, but also because of its memories of the palmy days of printing, when it was not uncommon for a pressman to take twenty minutes over pulling one impression. In 1834 John Davy, removing from Queen Street, set up his press here, and in 1869 the business was given the style of "The Dryden Press." The printing-office is separate from the house—which probably has been but little altered structurally since 1686—and occupies what doubtless was, in Dryden's time, a garden.

In Jesse's "Memorials of London" there is a reference to the Long Acre of Dryden's day which is worth quoting:

"Proceeding up St. Martin's Lane we come to Long Acre, which in the reign of Edward VI consisted of a large field called Seven Acres, or the Long Acre, and was granted with Covent Garden to the Earl of Bedford. It was sometimes also styled The Elms, from a row of trees which grew upon it; and which gave way to rows of houses in the reign of Charles I. It was inhabited by Coachmakers as long back as 1695, in which year, as we find by the parish accounts, John Sanders, of Long Acre, coachmaker, was fined £12. for not serving the office of overseer. Oliver Cromwell lived here from 1637 to 1643, on the south side; he was rated to the poor at 20s. 10d., a large sum, and a high rating in those days; he is called in the rate-book, Captain Cromwell. Dryden, the poet, lived in a house facing Rose Street, now No. 137 (the house in which this book was printed) from 1682 to 1686; he is described as 'John Dryden, Esq.,' an unusual distinction. The mention of Rose Street reminds us that in this uninviting locality, little aspiring now to be 'the sweet muse of a poetic child,' lived for many years Samuel Butler, the author of 'Hudibras'; and here he is supposed to have died. Taylor, the water-man and water poet, who lived from 1586 to 1654, kept a public-house with the sign of his own head, in Long Acre."

Thomas Cope, formerly printer to the Bank of England, was apprenticed to Davy; Phelps, the tragedian, worked for him; and Douglas Jerrold is said to have worked here also, as a compositor, though his name does not appear in such of the wages books as remain. In a volume of specimen types, lent us by Mr. C. H. Davy, there is an amusing allusion to Dr. Wadd, the author of "Mems, Maxims, and Memoirs." He frequently visited the office, wearing silk stockings and a sword, and was "constantly taking snuff, kept loose in his waistcoat pockets; and so profusely was his manuscript be-snuffed that the office snuff-box was often replenished by shaking out the copy." This habit of snuff-taking still exists among printers, and a compositor without a snuff-box is rare.

A too literal correspondent writes to complain that as Cicero was executed in his sixty-third year, he could not have written the "Cato Major" or "De Senectute" in his eighty-fourth. We should have imagined Professor Knight's meaning to be clear enough—that Cicero put his thoughts into the mouth of a man who was in his eighty-fourth year when he was supposed to have uttered them; for M. Porcius Cato, if, as Cicero says, he was born in the year before the consulship of Quintus Fabius Maximus, would have been in his eighty-fourth year in B.C. 150, the

year in which Scipio Aemilianus and Laelius were imagined calling upon him. Cicero himself was in his sixty-second or sixty-third year when he wrote the "De Senectute"; so, at least, it is judged from a well-known passage in a letter to Atticus (Ad Att. xiv. 21) written on May 11, 44, in which he first mentions it as having been already sent to his friend. His words are: "Legendus mihi saepius est Cato maior ad te missus. Amariorem enim me senectus facit." We feel tempted to apologise to our readers for recalling these familiar facts.

In 1796 some careless workman very nearly incurred the ban of Shakespeare, for in that year the end of his grave was accidentally opened. A worse fate befell Sir Thomas Browne, who had made no oburgative provision against the disturbance of his bones. In 1840 some workmen broke open his coffin—and he suffered the "tragically abomination" of having his skull "knave'd out of his grave" and made, not a drinking-vessel, but an object of scientific curiosity in the Norwich Museum. Mr. Edmund Owen very rightly suggests that an exact cast should be made for the Museum, and the skull returned to its proper place. An interesting point has been made by Professor Silvanus Thompson, who shows that Sir Thomas was the first person to use the word "electricity" as a noun ("Pseud. Ep.," 1646, p. 79), and in a true, if only partial sense, meaning the property of alum, talc and other substances of attracting other bodies when rubbed or warmed.

It is natural that, the generation of the inimitable caricaturist having disappeared, its landmarks should follow fast. Another of the many places associated with Dickens and his characters vanishes in the demolition of the then empty "shop at a street corner, near the Market Place," at Dover, where David Copperfield sat, lonely and weary, "deliberating upon wandering to those other places which had been mentioned," in his search for the immortalised Betsy Trotwood. It was here that his good angel appeared in the guise of a benevolent but dispiriting fly-driver.

It is curious that Dickens passed Gravesend without mention in his description of David's walk to Dover, jumping from Blackheath to Rochester in the space of a few lines. "Living on the Dover road," writes a contributor, "I often think of the forlorn David, and wonder why his creator neglected so consistently the town which he says was famous for shrimps and Rosherville Gardens. It is strange that, living so near it as he did, and visiting Cobham so frequently, and being so often in Gravesend itself, he mentions it so seldom. The recently discovered letter dated from Gravesend proves, if proof were necessary, that he was not a stranger there. But the Commercial Hotel, which might also be described as more than 'waterside,' does not presume upon the fact that he is known to have put up there." It is perhaps no more than fair that his indifference is now reciprocated by a truly galling neglect. There is no branch of the Dickens Fellowship nearer than Rochester.

The dispute in the *Westminster Gazette* between Mr. Wells and the schoolmasters as to the alleged dullness of the latter is not strictly within our province; but one sentence in one schoolmaster's letter does challenge a literary paper to comment. Mr. R. F. Cholmondely writes to point out that a schoolmaster's opportunities of being brilliant are limited by the imperfect receptivity of his pupils; and he continues: "The best we can do for them is to educate them to prefer Marie Corelli to Guy de Maupassant." Could anything be at once more British and more pedagogic? Of course the writings of Guy de Maupassant are not for little boys—they recognise that even in France. Boys as a rule have no anxiety to read them, because they know

nothing about them. But the idea of the schoolmaster moulding the taste of the future generation by solemnly pointing out how inferior is "Boule de Suif" to "The Sorrows of Satan" and "Pierre et Jean" to "Barabbas"—that is the picture that appeals to us. It throws quite a flood of light upon the pedagogic mind, and upon the abysses of hypocrisy to which good men will stoop to strengthen what they conceive to be their moral influence. Preference of Miss Corelli to Guy de Maupassant, it appears, is an ideal—not the highest conceivable, but the highest attainable—for a teacher of youth, who, as he puts it, must "make his moral being his prime care." Really, it is no wonder that writers of the temper of Mr. Wells find that some people's morality is indistinguishable from thick-headedness.

Our sympathies go out to Mr. George Meredith in his double calamity. He has broken his leg—happily the news of his condition is reassuring—and a Welsh Bishop has fallen upon him for something he said in a private letter about the Church of England in Wales. Dare we add the attack of our friend the "Man in the Street," and call it a triple calamity? But there are consolations for us, if not for him. Dr. Wallace's autobiography and other annals show how much good work has sometimes been done by men forced to lie up. Perhaps the broken leg will result in a new novel or poem.

The *Times* announces that the whole library of the late Sir Joseph Hawley will be sold by auction by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Cockspur-street, on November 30, at Leybourne Grange, Malling, Kent, where the collection was formed. The county histories are numerous and particularly fine, including Hoare's ancient and modern Wiltshire, Shaw's Staffordshire, Surtees's Durham, and Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, mostly in choice morocco and calf binding by Riviere, Bedford, Hayday, and others. The whole of the contents of the mansion, which include some fine clocks and bronzes, will be dispersed at the same time.

Some years ago when "Mrs. Green" was published, much attention was directed to the promising author of those witty and clever sketches, Miss Evelyn E. Rynd, and much was expected from her by those who were on the look-out for new names in English literature. Unfortunately for her and for us, her physical health has not been so robust as to admit of her doing more than casual work, and she is far indeed from having sent out that stream of books which is seldom expected in vain from one who has achieved a brilliant first success. To her "Mrs. Green" she added that charming collection of stories, "The Riggleses and Others," and that is all Miss Rynd has published up to now. All the more welcome, therefore, will be the announcement that she has another book in the press, which will be published in the course of a few weeks. It is to be called "Different Drummers," and contains among other things more of Miss Rynd's delightful sketches of the people who live in her Kentish valley.

The first volume of the Cambridge English Classics "Beaumont and Fletcher," has just reached us. We hope to devote due space to the consideration of this important book in a future number. Meanwhile, it is enough to refer to its pathetic and personal interest. The text of this and the second of the ten volumes which will complete the work was edited by a brilliant and patient scholar, who died, much too young for English literature, last January. What Arnold Glover began, his friend and former collaborator, Mr. A. R. Waller, has been asked by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press to complete. The text used is that of the Second Folio (1679), and, in accordance with the scheme of the series, it is not modernised.

Mr. Roger Fry, the well-known art critic, has just completed the new illustrated edition of Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Discourses," which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Seeley. He has spent much time and thought on its preparation, both in selecting and writing notes on the numerous illustrations, and on the introductions to each Discourse. His notes to Sir Joshua Reynolds's text are also most interesting, and throw new light on many obscure references. The book will be issued at the popular price of 7s. 6d. This is, oddly enough, the first attempt (with the exception of the edition containing twelve plates by John Burnet, published in 1842) to add to the "Discourses" the valuable aid and deserved embellishment of illustrations.

Mr. Wyndham Albery, a son of James Albery, the author of the *The Two Roses* and other once popular plays, and his wife, the lady known to playgoers as Miss Mary Moore, is about to publish, through Mr. Heinemann, a little book of Poems, of which report speaks very highly.

Mr. Heinemann will publish on the 30th inst. a new story of life in a preparatory school, entitled "Maitland Major and Minor," by Mr. Charles Turley, illustrated by Mr. Gordon Browne. Mr. Turley will be favourably remembered as the author of "Godfrey Marten."

"A Book of Mortals: being a Record of the good Deeds and Qualities of what Humanity is pleased to call the Lower Animals," is the title of a book by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, which Mr. Heinemann will publish on the 30th inst. The work is a plea for recognition of what may be called the human side of animals, their intimate relation to, and far-reaching influence upon man. Examples of this human side are taken from modern instances as well as from the myths of East and West, and the book has forty full-page illustrations.

Mr. Werner Laurie is publishing a nonsense-book next week to which Mr. G. K. Chesterton contributes the illustrations. The full title of the volume is, "Biography for Beginners," being a collection of Miscellaneous Examples for the use of Upper Forms, edited by E. Clerihew, B.A., and with forty diagrams by G. K. Chesterton. The examples dealt with range from King Edward the Confessor to George Bernard Shaw.

Readers of the recently published "Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones" will find at the beginning of chap. xx. a reference to "the most soothing piece of work that he ever did." Under the title of "The Flower Book" the Fine Art Society will shortly issue the volume of drawings so described, reproduced with absolute exactness by a Paris firm who have recently become well known for their skill in methods peculiar to themselves. The originals, which are the property of Lady Burne-Jones, are contained in a book in which the artist made notes of Old English names of flowers that attracted his fancy, such as "Love in a Mist," "Meadow Sweet," "Rose of Heaven," "Traveler's Joy," afterwards making studies in the same volume, not of the flowers themselves, but of subjects suggested by their names to his imagination. The edition will consist of three hundred copies only. The same firm will also publish shortly a volume entitled "Axel Haig and His Work," which will contain a brief biography of the well-known Swedish etcher by Mr. E. A. Armstrong, with a complete list of the etchings and reproductions of twenty-five characteristic examples. It will contain also reproductions of a number of his pencil-drawings and water-colours, many of them made as studies for well-known etchings, the illustrations numbering, with a portrait of the artist, forty-six in all. In the edition de luxe, of which will be published five hundred copies only, there will also be included an original etching, made expressly for this work, of the Capilla Del Condestable, one of the

chapels of Burgos Cathedral. The ordinary edition will also be strictly limited in number.

As we go to press we hear with great regret of the death of Mr. George Lillie Craik, who had been an active partner in Macmillan's for forty years. A keen lover of poetry, he was a personal friend of Tennyson and Browning; but it was not only distinguished poets who were proud of Mr. Craik's friendship. Struggling authors in plenty, and even youngsters who had barely commenced author at all (the writer speaks from personal experience), had to thank Mr. Craik for profound advice and generous encouragement. Mr. Craik's first wife was Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Our remarks on reprints are not, we must confess, borne out by the admissions and practice of publishers in general. Mr. John Long now announces a new series of classics, to be called "The Carlton Classics," of which the first six volumes are just ready: "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Four Georges," "Warren Hastings," "Poe's Tales" (selected), "The Life of Nelson." There are three different bindings, paper, cloth and leather, and the prices are 3d., 6d., and 1s., all net.

Many people who remember Mrs. Allingham's "Happy England" will welcome her pictures in "The Homes of Tennyson" which Messrs. Black are about to publish in their smaller series of Beautiful Books. The originals of many of the drawings which appear in the volume are in the possession of the Tennyson family, the poet himself having taken a personal interest in them while they were being painted by Mrs. Allingham. The description of the "Homes," which is by Mr. Arthur Paterson, is also derived from intimate acquaintance, and the necessary materials have been gathered on the spot.

On October 30 Mr. Unwin will publish a new book by Mrs. Catherine Bearn, author of "A Leader of Society at Napoleon's Court," and other volumes on French history and biography. It is entitled "A Queen of Napoleon's Court," and is the life-story of Désirée Clary, who married Bernadotte, King of Sweden. Among all the extraordinary careers in the great days of the First Napoleon there were none more romantic, brilliant, and successful than those of Jean Bernadotte and Désirée Clary, who began their lives as the son of a Gascon lawyer and the daughter of a Marseilles merchant, and ended them as King and Queen of Sweden. Désirée's childhood was overshadowed by the gloom and terror of the Revolution; her youth was spent among the dissipations and splendours of Napoleon's court, of which she was a prominent member; her later life and old age were passed in the peace and dignity of her northern kingdom. Her connection and friendship with the Bonaparte family, her engagement to Napoleon himself, and her intimate association with all the principal persons of his court, give the book a peculiar interest.

"The Cathedral Builders in England" is the title and describes the contents of the forthcoming number of the Portfolio Monographs, published by Messrs. Seeley. Mr. Edward S. Prior, the author, is well known by his writings on Gothic art, and he has produced an illuminating and interesting book. Amongst the many illustrations of the Cathedrals as they used to be, there will be several facsimiles in colours and gold of miniatures from old Missals selected mainly to show the mural decorations of the Cathedrals when they were erected.

With next week's ACADEMY there will be presented an ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT containing articles on "Old Bindings as Literary Hunting-Grounds," by Strickland Gibson; "Title-pages Old and New," and other articles.

LITERATURE

THE LAST FEW YEARS

A History of Our Own Times, from the Diamond Jubilee, 1897, to the Accession of Edward VII. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Two vols. (Chatto & Windus, 24s.)

WE cannot pretend to have any decided partiality for red-hot history, and in the volumes before us Mr. Justin McCarthy might be figured more accurately as the writer of a magnified Annual Register than as a grave and deliberate student. The fault is not altogether his. It is impossible for any one to write history contemporaneously, since it is necessary for a length of time to elapse before events are seen in their true proportion and perspective. And this holds more true of the present time than of those periods in the world's history when a deadly calm prevailed or the arts of peace were cultivated without glamour or ostentation. To-day the wisest heads in Europe are puzzled to put a true value on the events that have recently taken place. Even the South African War is dwarfed by the momentous struggle that has taken place in the Far East, and for the moment Europe appears to be in labour and ready to bring forth changes, the exact nature of which no one is able to describe. Mr. McCarthy slides somewhat easily over the conflict with Paul Kruger and his troops. His desire to be fair to those whose policy and opinions are opposed to his own is obvious and praiseworthy, but he does not attempt to make even a brief record of the events of the struggle. He repeats the criticisms passed upon our unpreparedness, but without bringing in much of that illumination which might have been obtained from the history of other States. It is very seldom in history that a country is absolutely ready for war before becoming engaged in it. The case of France in 1870 is notorious; but it is no less true that the German army had in its elements of weakness of which a more formidable foe would have been quick to take advantage. We have seen in the Far East that Russia—who for long had been the bugbear of Europe—was but a helpless giant at the mercy of an active and intelligent adversary, and the Japanese also showed us that true humanity in warfare consists in accomplishing an object regardless of bloodshed. Our experience in South Africa seemed to show that a frontal attack was a mistake, but the Japanese generals made frontal attacks time and again and carried their point, no matter at what expense of bloodshed. Their resolution, however, had the effect of bringing the struggle to a close much sooner than would otherwise have been the case, and therefore of avoiding the hardships and misery that usually follow a prolonged war. Again, during our conflict with the Transvaal the German military critics were never tired of sneering at the length of time which it took us to bring the war to a conclusion: since then the Germans themselves have had, on a small scale, a similar difficulty to deal with in the revolt of the Herreros, and after a vast expenditure and much loss of time, men and money, they have made no perceptible advance, thus reducing their own criticisms to futility.

Mr. McCarthy does not appear to be a very close student of foreign politics. The rivalry and ambitions of European countries which still threaten to involve us and them in a sanguinary and doubtful conflict are passed by unnoticed. Generations hence, when the history of this time comes to be written in reality, it will be possible to gauge in the light of subsequent events a thousand portents, the significance of which is more or less hidden from us. That significance our historian of the moment has utterly ignored.

On questions of domestic policy Mr. McCarthy's book may be considered as a useful help to memory. He has chronicled events at any rate, if he is not always successful in allotting to each its due significance. Never for one moment does he forget that he is a Parnellite and a Home Ruler. Nor does he seem able to grasp the comparative

insignificance of this Irish question in view of the larger issues that are looming in the distance. The chapter on "Employer and Workman," which relates the story of labour legislation in the House of Commons, will illustrate what we mean. Here Mr. McCarthy assumes that the majority in the House has a natural antipathy to the Irish Nationalist members, forgetting, it would appear, that this feeling, if it exists at all, was generated by the miserable tactics of obstruction carried out so unremittingly in the early 'eighties by Mr. Biggar and Mr. Parnell. Members of the House of Commons whose one object and aim was to reduce its deliberations to futility could scarcely be justified in turning round and complaining that their efforts had not been sympathetically received. The reason why the labour representatives have met with very different treatment is that they go to the House with a legitimate, definite object, and do not, as a rule, give their energies to increasing the difficulties of those who have equally definite but different aims.

The fourth chapter in the first volume is headed "The Death of Gladstone." It would have been thought that here Mr. Justin McCarthy would shine, but the eulogy resolves itself on examination into an admission of a vast number of very vague generalities. Gladstone, we are told, had been "a very great statesman." "He had been a profound student of history and of literature, a lover of poetry and all the arts, a man who understood and appreciated the discoveries and influences of modern science"—but all this is lacking in precision. The impartial historian of the future will in all probability point to Mr. Gladstone as perhaps the greatest financier of his age. Of all his oratory the Budget speeches are the most valuable, because in them he had worked out useful and practical plans for the regulation of taxation. Foreign politics he does not seem to have understood. At any rate, there is very little in his history which shows that he was prepared for the great and significant events that were to follow his death. Nor was he happy in his colonial policy. It was only as a minister for domestic affairs that he achieved the highest distinction, and the fluent and easy praise bestowed upon him by his eulogist is of little value unless it either confirms or combats this view. This is what renders us dissatisfied with the long and wordy chapter in which we have a *réchauffé* of the speeches made in Parliament at Gladstone's death, and a long account of his lying-in-state and other events connected with his funeral. The salient fact about Mr. Gladstone's death, and at the same time the most severe criticism that can be passed upon his life, is that he left the Liberal Party disunited and broken up. They had consumed the last remainder biscuit of the vigorous administrations of which he was head, and neither he nor any of his contemporaries was able to foreshadow those larger problems which the future was to open.

After all, Mr. Gladstone had his reward in his lifetime, and since his death his followers have been almost continuously in the cold shades of opposition. His great rival, Lord Beaconsfield, enjoyed, comparatively speaking, only a few glimpses of actual power, but he left behind him a tradition and a policy that have kept the Conservative party strong ever since. We do not say that it was an absolutely right tradition, or a right policy, but it was clearly defined, as far as it went, and sufficient to supply a rallying-point to those who followed him. Among others whose epitaphs are written in these volumes we find, of politicians, Mundella and John Osborne Morgan; among journalists, R. H. Hutton; among writers, Mrs. Oliphant and Jean Ingelow; among artists, Gilbert and Linton; among lawyers, Frederick Lockwood. These all died in 1897, and in each case a few paragraphs are written about them such as might very appropriately have appeared in the obituary column of a morning paper. In 1898 Prince Bismarck passed away, but the two or three pages devoted to him want "grip"—if we may speak colloquially—and Mr. McCarthy passes over with no more than a brief mention the curious fact that, despite of

Prince Bismarck having been the maker of modern Germany, the young Kaiser, when he came to the throne, was in a position to dismiss him from his service, as if determined to show that the German Empire—like the ancient Roman army—was independent of individuals. So, with a good deal of chatter about Scottish crofters and Home Rule and Mr. Balfour and the rest of it, the first volume comes to a close.

In the second volume we have two long chapters devoted to the South African War, and other two are full of tombstones, while naturally the illness and death of Queen Victoria fill many pages. Perhaps one of the most interesting chapters in the book is that entitled "A Retrospect of the Arts of Peace." In this the familiar story of the telegraph from its earliest days to the appearance of Marconi, the development of the Post Office, the spread of education, the improvement of the roads, the extension of local government, and the hygienic alterations in towns are passed in review, though here again the book would have been increased in value for purposes of reference if facts had been given with more precision. The actual birth-rate and death-rate furnish the true comment on the value of the hygienic alterations introduced from the time of Queen Victoria. The pages devoted to our amusements might also have been improved, as both in town and country these have undergone a complete transformation. The purity of Queen Victoria's Court was reflected in the better tone that was gradually given to theatres and music-halls, which had been characterised previously more by breadth than by refinement. At the opening of the reign many amusements were in vogue that have now gone out of fashion altogether. To-day there is no prize-fighting, though the performances of some of the pugilists with gloves on might satisfy even the spectators of the early 'forties. Cock-fighting, too, has become practically obsolete, and Mr. McCarthy is of opinion that stag-hunting and pigeon-shooting have only a short time to stay. It is significant of Mr. McCarthy's methods, however, that he devotes much more space to an account of the anti-vivisection movement than to the progress of medical science. He certainly passes a well-deserved eulogy upon Lord Lister and his antiseptic treatment, but fails to point out the investigations of M. Pasteur without which these discoveries would have been at least considerably different. One of the most fascinating chapters in human history would be a full account of the progress made in medical study since the advent of Queen Victoria to the throne of England. At the tail-end of the last chapter comes a somewhat perfunctory account of what has been done in literature and art. We wonder that Mr. McCarthy did not give more prominence, notwithstanding what he has said in previous volumes, to this most interesting part of his subject. Looking at the work as a whole, we can only describe it as glib, fluent, popular—not by any means as a thoughtful and far-reaching study of the men and the events of our time, and of the tendencies of those great movements which they have generated.

DARWIN'S FELLOW WORKER

My Life, a Record of Events and Opinions. With facsimile Letters and Portraits. Two vols. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE. (Chapman & Hall, 25s. net.)

"HARD words break no bones"; if they did Alfred Russel Wallace would not be alive now to give us a yet further insight into that new epoch of thought which he and Charles Darwin created. They broke the rule of a hoary tradition, and set men free from the bonds of an intellectual serfdom. Yet, strange to say, they met with but a sorry reward for their pains. The newly emancipated, with the blind folly of the moment, hurled upon their benefactors every kind of calumny and abuse; the spiritual pastors and masters of the time proclaimed a holy war against the new learning, and these bell-wethers were eagerly fol-

lowed by the crowd. To-day Darwin's remains rest in Westminster Abbey, while his co-worker happily still dwells among us, intellectually vigorous, as may be seen by a perusal of these two volumes, and a strange and moving story it is they tell.

Born at Usk, in Monmouthshire, in 1823, he traces in ample detail the history of his early life and training, giving us a picture of a sensitive, impressionable boy, not seldom misunderstood by his elders; but as yet, showing no sign of any special inclination towards the career which was destined to have such momentous consequences. Not, indeed, until he had reached his nineteenth year did he begin to develop any serious interest in Natural History. At this time he was engaged in the work of surveying, acting as assistant to his brother; and, being thrown much upon his own resources, found great fascination in solitary walks among the moors and mountains in the neighbourhood of Neath. "But what," he says, "became more and more the solace and delight of my lonely rambles was my first introduction to the variety, the beauty, and the mystery of nature as manifested in the vegetable kingdom." As a matter of fact this interest had been simmering for some three years previous, beginning with his apprenticeship to the surveying work in Bedfordshire. Here he made his first acquaintance with geology, and "here too," he says, "during my solitary rambles I first began to feel the influence of nature, and to wish to know more of the various flowers, shrubs, and trees I daily met with, but of which for the most part I did not even know the English names." At Neath, in 1841, he bought his first book of botany, which proved a great disappointment, but Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Plants," "The Gardener's Chronicle," and a diligent study of living plants, soon placed him in possession of a fair working knowledge of the principles of botany.

On coming of age he left his brother at Neath and returned to London to find employment. Since no surveying was to be had, he decided to take up the work of a school-master, and quickly obtained a post in the Collegiate School at Leicester. It was here that he first fell under the spell of Spiritualism, and met the man who was to play so important a part in his future career—Henry Bates. The first result of this meeting was to introduce Wallace to the delights of entomology. Bates was an enthusiast, and had a fine collection of beetles, all found, to Wallace's amazement, in the neighbourhood of Leicester. Wallace proceeded forthwith to provide himself with the necessary outfit and start work in this new field. But at the end of the year 1841, finding that he had no vocation as a teacher, he returned to Neath, and joining another brother started anew as a surveyor, and impressed his brother into the work of a collector of Natural History specimens. From time to time he and Bates exchanged letters, and during a visit from Bates in 1848 the idea of a collecting trip to the tropics was mooted. This scheme was born of the fascination exercised on both by the perusal of three books now reckoned among the Classics of the Naturalist—Lyell's "Principles of Geology," Darwin's "Voyage of the *Beagle*," and Humboldt's "Personal Narrative." Ultimately they decided on a zoological expedition to the Amazons, and set sail in the *Mischief* on April 26, 1848, arriving at Para on May 28. The story of this memorable expedition Dr. Wallace has already given us in his delightful "Travels on the Amazon."

From time to time he sent home the duplicates of the spoils of his hunting, but reserved his private collection and the results of his last few years' work, until he himself returned. Thus, when he turned his face towards home he had a most valuable cargo, besides a number of live birds and beasts. But the voyage was full of terrors. When only a few days out he was laid low by fever; and ere he had fully recovered he was called on to face the awful experience of a ship on fire. After the most strenuous labour to overcome the enemy they had to give up the struggle and take to the boats, with such provisions as they could muster. Day after day they drifted, living

like men desiring without hope. But deliverance came at last, in that they were picked up by a steamer laden with wood from Cuba. She proved to be a very unseaworthy boat, and before long the prospect of speedy death had to be faced afresh, a terrible storm arising which threatened to batter her rotten timbers into matchwood. As by a miracle, however, she weathered the gale; and on October 12, Wallace writes: "Oh glorious day! Here we are on shore at Deal . . . Such a dinner, with our two captains! Oh! beef-steaks and damson-tart, a paradise for hungry sinners."

The following two years were spent in London working out his collections, the result being incorporated in a series of papers read at the Linnæan and Zoological Societies; and it was at one of the meetings of the latter that he first met Huxley, with whom he ultimately became fairly intimate. During this brief breathing-space he planned an expedition to the Malay Archipelago. In this land of wonders he spent the next eight years: and laborious years they were, inasmuch as, in spite of fevers and delays, he collected no less than 128,000 specimens of Natural History, among which new species were to be numbered by the thousand. Eyes and ears and brain, during all this time, as well as hands, were at work, with the result that a vast number of new facts and observations on the country, the natives, and the animals and their habits was accumulated. But while the treasures of his expedition could only be transformed into useful material for the advancement of zoological science by himself and others after their arrival in England, the wealth of facts which he had gradually accumulated in his brain was quickly maturing: fruition gave the world a new theory of the origin of species. That such momentous results should have shaped themselves while he lay stretched on a bed of sickness is astounding. Yet such is the case. Suffering from an attack of intermittent fever, he sought ease from pain by pondering "over any subject particularly interesting to me." One day his thoughts churned up some of Malthus's generalisations set forth in his "Principles of Population," among them the "clear exposition on 'the positive checks to increase'—disease, accidents, war, and famine which keep down the population of savage races to so much lower an average than that of more civilised peoples." He applied a similar line of reasoning to the case of the lower animals, and it suddenly flashed upon him that similar checks must produce a like result—the fittest would survive. Verily this was a case of the triumph of mind over matter, for he writes:

"I waited anxiously for the termination of my fit so that I might at once make notes for a paper on the subject. The same evening I did this pretty fully, and on two succeeding evenings wrote it out carefully in order to send it to Darwin by the next post. . ."

The results of the receipt of the letter all the world knows. Let it suffice here to recall the noble generosity displayed by Darwin, who had for twenty years been preparing a great work setting forth exactly the same theory, founded on that same wonderful book, "Malthus on Population." Darwin submitted the letter to his friends Lyell and Hooker, who rightly refused to allow him to make the sacrifice he seemed, as a matter of course, willing to make. They devised a way by which each of the two discoverers received his full share of the honour due to both.

To a man of less generous instincts than his the sending of this letter to Darwin would have seemed like an unfortunate and irreparable blunder, whereby he had robbed himself at least of the great prize of priority. But such a thought seems never to have crossed his mind. In these volumes he writes of this wonderful work and still more wonderful coincidence, as ever, with amazing modesty and chivalrous generosity. He is not only content to divide the honours of joint discovery, but insists that Darwin alone could have brought this theory to its full perfection.

Reprints of a number of delightful letters, many of his own, others from various friends, concerning his work, the

fauna and flora of the Malay Archipelago, and his life in London, conclude the first volume.

In the second volume he deals with his friendship with Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Mivart, and others. Much of this is compiled from letters, for eight years after his return from the Malay Archipelago he left London (where he wrote this fascinating book and worked out his wonderful collection) for the country; moving thereto by degrees, first to Barking, next to Grays, where he built a house, and later to Croydon, where he wrote his great work on the geographical distribution of animals.

He next embarked on a long lecturing tour in America, his account of which occupies nearly half of this volume.

The chapters on Land Nationalisation, Socialism, and Spiritualism, questions in which Dr. Wallace has taken a very conspicuous part in later years, do not blend well with the rest of these pages. The name of Alfred Russel Wallace is indissolubly linked with that of Charles Darwin and the Darwinian theory, and somehow we can never willingly associate it with the products which have come from his pen during these later years.

We bring this notice to end here with regret, inasmuch as we have but touched on one aspect of this remarkable career, but that aspect is the one which has gained for Dr. Wallace the admiration and regard of men of science the world over. Dr. Wallace has been his own recording angel, and those who peruse the record cannot but pronounce it well and truly written.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

AN OLD ENIGMA

Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey? By ALFRED MARKS. (Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d. net.)

THE death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey is a charming topic for the historical Sherlock Holmes. Two or three years ago Mr. John Pollock, in his interesting book, "The Popish Plot," discussed the problem. By combining such elements as suited him in the absolutely discrepant "revelations" of the professional liar, Bedloe, and the frightened Catholic silversmith, Prance, Mr. Pollock threw the guilt of the murder on certain priests described as Jesuits by Bedloe. Their motive was, in Mr. Pollock's belief, the fact that Godfrey knew a secret perilous to the Catholic cause. I replied (in "The Valet's Tragedy," pp. 54-103) that of all Bedloe's "Jesuits," only one really was a Jesuit, and that he, apparently, was in South Wales at the time of the murder of Godfrey, while there was no proof at all that Godfrey knew the dangerous secret. Father Gerard brought forward other arguments, and exposed several errors in Mr. Pollock's handling of documents. Now Mr. Marks goes into the whole topic. I have no space to consider fully his disquisition on the use of hypotheses. I think that an inquirer may justifiably try a number of hypotheses in his own mind, so long as he requires them to be merely provisional strings on which to hang facts, and discards each hypothesis when facts prove recalcitrant. The error is to become wedded to an hypothesis. "Try, if need be, one hypothesis after another," says Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and I cannot see that he spoke unwisely. The real error is to keep adhering to the hypothesis which occurred to the mind before the facts were fully known, and to keep forcing all facts later discovered into the old hypothesis. Mr. Pollock's hypothesis was that Godfrey knew a certain fatal secret, and was therefore killed by Jesuits. It was a good hypothesis, if it could be proved that Godfrey did know the secret, and if the evidence against the Jesuits was trustworthy. But there was no proof that the secret was known to Godfrey; while the evidence against the persons accused was worthless in every way; and these persons were not even, with one exception, proved to be Jesuits at all. Godfrey, the magistrate who took Oates's absurd depositions, and instantly communicated them to the Catholic Duke of

York, disappeared after about 1 P.M. on a Saturday in October. On the following Thursday his body was found crumpled up in a dry ditch in the fields north of Marylebone. His own sword was fast in his body, his breast and throat were black, as from bruises and strangling. The neck was "broken," says Burnet; it could be moved easily from side to side. If Godfrey's body had been examined to-day, by unemotional surgeons, there would be no mystery as to whether he died by his own hands or was strangled some days before his body was placed in the ditch and stabbed with his own sword. But the medical evidence at the inquest was that of excited surgeons, who were not allowed to open the body, because the brothers of the deceased feared a verdict of suicide and the forfeiture of the estate to the Crown. The two surgeons pronounced in favour of murder by strangling.

We can never settle this question. Mr. Marks has obtained an expert opinion on the extant evidence from Dr. Freyberger. He decides, with much appearance of probability, that the body of Godfrey became stiff in the position in which it was found in the ditch. This is fatal to the evidence of Bedloe, that the man was killed in Somerset House on the Saturday, carried to the ditch on Wednesday night, and there doubled up in a constrained position. The appearances of bruising and strangling were discoloration due to post-mortem hypostasis. "There was no direct evidence of any fracture of the neck. . . . If the neck had been 'distorted' or 'dislocated,' it would have become fixed and not loose." "The cause of death was probably internal hæmorrhage from wounds that were self-inflicted." Again, the evidence as to Godfrey's state of mind went to show that he was hereditarily melancholic; he had been for days in a great fright; he was in a terrible quandary, as he had revealed Oates's confessions to the persons whom they implicated; and his conduct on the Friday had been that of a man expecting death, while on the Saturday he had wandered vaguely about in town and country. For all these reasons, when writing on the subject, I said that only the surgical evidence at the inquest stood between me and a verdict of suicide. Whosoever thinks that Dr. Freyberger's opinion outweighs that of two excited surgeons, not permitted to make full investigation, must decide that really there is no mystery. A melancholic man, in a terrible situation, slew himself, and thereby clinched the belief of a frenzied public in Oates's incredible revelations. In fact, the evidence of Prance and Bedloe—self-contradictory in each case, while each set of depositions varies, in its varying lies, from the other—is not worth the paper on which it is printed. Mr. Marks gives their evidence, with Ralph's tabulated list of discrepancies in parallel columns. He then comments on the extravagant crowd of impossibilities contained even in "the greatest common measure" of the contradictory narratives. He also shows how evidence was officially repressed and accommodated, and how innocent men, like Atkins, Mr. Pepys's clerk, were bullied and menaced in the hope of extracting "revelations." Mr. Marks's observations on the infamies of the Popish Plot at large, and on the English anti-Catholic frenzy, are good, but surely he is forcing an open door. Politicians are capable of all things, and so, in moments of terror, is the populace. Nobody is denying the horrors of the time, but no mortals could endure James II., and the object of getting rid of James was pursued by every measure of infamy. The end was considered to justify the means.

ANDREW LANG.

LORD GRANVILLE

The Life of Granville George Leveson Gower, second Lord Granville, K.G. By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. Two vols. (Longmans, 30s. net.)

LORD EDMOND FITZMAURICE'S "Life of the Second Earl Granville" is an admirable specimen of political biography, composed upon the approved plan. It is fortified by

letters, and packed with documents. The many affairs in which Lord Granville took part are described in detail and with much circumstance. But the book has the defects which correspond to its qualities of thoroughness and research. It is somewhat inchoate and ill-proportioned. The materials for the final judgment are contained within the two volumes, but the task of forming the judgment is left to the reader. The biographer, in other words, does not assist us as he might. He does not put before us a consistent portrait of the statesman, and, though he describes for us the traits which went to form Lord Granville's character, he lets the man himself elude us. This is a pity, but picturesque biography is out of fashion, and we must be content with what we can get. And there can be no doubt as to the value of the documents which Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has gathered together. He has made clear many of the dark places of modern history, and no chronicler of the nineteenth century will be able to dispense with his aid.

The impression of Lord Granville left upon us by the book is of a courtier rather than of a statesman, of one who was more amiable than strong. Lord Granville, indeed, might have belonged to one of the great Whig families, which in the eighteenth century played so great a part in the government of England. Not even in his later years, when he became Mr. Gladstone's colleague, was he altogether modern in spirit. Moreover, though he was frankly liberal in his ideas, he did not show much practical sympathy with the people. It is characteristic of him that when he suggested Lord Rothschild for the peerage, he declared it wise to attach the Jews "to the aristocracy rather than to drive them into the democratic camp." From the beginning to the end of his life he lived in the best society. He rode to hounds, he was an excellent shot, he was a member of the Jockey Club, and when in 1874 the Liberal Party was supposed to have alienated the sporting and athletic world, he challenged the Conservative Ministry "to pick their best men, and pit them against a like number of the defunct Liberal Government for a ride across country." Nor was it merely in society and sport that he found pleasure. He knew the men and cities of the Continent, he was as intimately at home in Paris as in London; and he is said to have spoken French with an old-fashioned accent, which recalled the days of the *ancien régime*. But from his earliest youth he was marked out for politics; he was elected member for Morpeth when he was no more than twenty-two years of age; and instantly made his way in the House. In 1851, when Lord Palmerston had been dismissed for approving the *coup d'état*, Lord Granville became Foreign Minister for the first time, and he was thus early familiarised with the office to which he was to devote so many years of his official life. Even when he was not actually Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the Queen consulted him concerning our relations with the other powers, and there is no more interesting chapter in Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's book than that in which the Queen protests to Lord Granville against the policy followed in the question of Schleswig-Holstein. In the early part of 1864 we seemed to be on the verge of war with Prussia in Denmark's defence. The Queen, in Lord Granville's phrase, "was up in her stirrups," and "very German." Of Lord Palmerston she had a profound distrust, and she asked the Cabinet to be firm and support her. The letters which she wrote to Lord Granville during the months of uncertainty are of the greatest interest, and they prove that she already exercised a profound influence upon her Ministers. But Lord Russell was not always tractable, and at times she appealed to Lord Granville, as if in despair. "Oh how fearful it is to be suspected"—she writes on June 5, 1864—"uncheered—unguided and unadvised—and how alone the poor Queen feels! Her friends must defend her." In the end the Queen had her way, and Lord Russell did not give the assistance to Denmark which he had promised. But the correspondence proves that the influence of the Crown in England was even then stronger than is supposed. The late Queen had not,

it is true, the same authority as George III., but she still made her voice heard in the councils of England and Europe. Her view of Scandinavian policy, expressed at this time, is so wise and so pertinent to the present day that it may be quoted in full:

"Let it be agreed upon by Europe," she wrote to Lord Granville, "that at King Christian's death, and that of the King of Sweden, Prince Frederick of Denmark, having married the King of Sweden's daughter, should succeed to the three Northern Kingdoms, which would thus make a strong Northern power, independent of Russia, and be a good barrier against that Empire, and the Duchies could then be placed under their lawful Duke. It must and will come to that; and if we helped it, that large Northern Kingdom would be friendly to us, whereas the two Duchies will never leave a moment's peace to Denmark if they are forced to belong to her."

It was a bold scheme, which is further than ever from being realised. King Christian and King Oscar are still living, but Norway is separated from Sweden, and there is little hope of a firm union of the three Northern Kingdoms. In other words, the barrier against Russia is weaker than ever, and it is possible that the near future may prove the wisdom of the Queen's proposal.

When, in the early part of his career, Lord Granville counted Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell among his colleagues, the Government was like a family compact. The members lived on terms of intimate friendship, and called each other by nicknames. "Cupid" and "The Spider" are more familiar in sound than Lord Palmerston and Sir Charles Wood, and disagreement was difficult among men who permitted themselves this freedom of address. But when Lord Granville, having, like his great chief of later days, declined overtures of alliance from the other side, began to serve under Mr. Gladstone, the habits of political life changed. It is impossible to imagine any one bold enough to address Mr. Gladstone by his nickname, if, indeed, anything so profane as a nickname ever approached that august personage. (As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone, *horresco referens*, seems to have had a nickname, and to have been called "Merrypebbles" by some intrepid persons. But this was behind his back, and probably he never knew of the freedom thus taken by his colleagues.) A stern civility replaced the gaiety of friendship, and Lord Granville, more than all, must have felt the change. However, he served Mr. Gladstone faithfully for many years. At a time when the party's fortunes were at a low ebb in the House of Lords, he held the ungrateful post of leader. He was, moreover, in full sympathy with Mr. Gladstone's schemes, and sometimes was more keen in their support than the Prime Minister himself. The disestablishment of the Irish Church, for instance, might have dropped, had it not been for Lord Granville's persistency. Mr. Gladstone was ill, and, rather than endure the strain of a contest with the House of Lords, was inclined to abandon the Bill. But Lord Granville stood firm, and with the help of Lord Cairns and the Archbishop was able to frame such amendments as might be accepted by either side.

As the Foreign Minister of Mr. Gladstone's Governments, Lord Granville cannot be said to have distinguished himself. Though he declined to surrender to the Tories on the question of the Irish Church, he did not always show so bold a front to the nations of Europe as he did to his opponents in the House of Lords. We cannot remember with satisfaction his treatment of either Russia or the United States. And he must always bear the largest part of the blame which attaches to those who sent out General Gordon and left him to perish. It was at his suggestion that Gordon was chosen:

"Do you see any objection to using Gordon in some way?" Lord Granville wrote to Gladstone on November 27, 1883. "He has an immense name in Egypt—he is popular at home. He is a strong but sensible opponent of slavery. He has a small bee in his bonnet. If you do not object, I could consult Baring by telegraph."

Mr. Gladstone did not object, and General Gordon, after an interview with certain members of the Government, left for Egypt. Lord Granville bought his ticket at Charing Cross, and gave him his last instructions. Some

time later, when Gordon had overstepped these instructions, Granville shared the general responsibility in not recalling him. Having once permitted him to take his own line, the Government was absolutely pledged to save his life, if it were possible. And, when the expedition of relief was at last proposed, it must be remembered that Lord Granville did not regard the proposal with a favourable eye. The disgrace, already old, will never be forgotten, and it is happy for Lord Granville that the incident is discussed by so fair and temperate a historian as Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. The chapter devoted to General Gordon is the best in the book. There is no trace of prejudice or feeling from beginning to end of it. Lord Edmond faces the question without hesitancy or passion, and he has given us in a spirit of true impartiality all the facts, upon which to base a judgment. But impartiality is a virtue of which he never loses sight, and though his book does not give us a clear portrait of Lord Granville, it holds within its covers a mass of facts and documents, with which the historian of the nineteenth century will never be able to dispense.

EDWIN DROOD AGAIN

The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot. By ANDREW LANG.
(Chapman & Hall, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE reader of Mr. Lang's volume is likely to find himself in the position of Alice in Wonderland, possessed of an irresistible inclination to ask a multitude of questions, and painfully conscious that he will only obtain bewildering answers. Mr. Lang, indeed, has found it convenient, when fairly nonplussed, to resort to the excellent plan of Humpty Dumpty, who declared that words only meant what *he* meant, and not what other people—with prejudices—understood them to mean. I am, naturally, one of those people with prejudices. When Mr. Lang contends that Dickens did not intend Edwin Drood to be killed by that cleverest of designing villains, John Jasper, I inquire why he told John Forster exactly the contrary, why he repeated that "Drood was dead" to his son, and why he led his artist, Luke Fildes, to the same conclusion? Mr. Lang has an answer ready. The words meant nothing: they were spoken to deceive; or, if this explanation does not satisfy, there is an alternative—they were not understood. When Mr. Lang asserts that Mr. Grewgious would be in Cloisterham Cathedral, at midnight or later (strange time!), on the date that Dickens said he was to be in London, and I ask how this could be: "Oh," replies Mr. Lang, gaily, "he no doubt changed his mind," and, without producing evidence, he considers that point disposed of. When I ask why Edwin Drood should put to the opium-woman questions to which he already knew the answers, Mr. Lang is as ready as before with a startling elucidation: it was "to maintain the conversation." He omits, however, to turn to the story itself and discover that it had no such result. The conversation was not maintained: it abruptly concluded. Thus do we get as much satisfaction out of Mr. Lang's answers as Alice got out of the answers of Humpty Dumpty.

Mr. Lang's solution of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is, in brief, that Jasper "bungled" his carefully premeditated murder; that Drood was put in the Sapsea vault with the quicklime, but "walked out"; that he was not quite sure who his assailant was, and so, six months later, watched him in disguise (taking, by the way, the most absurdly obvious disguise, for a man, that could be thought of); that Jasper, who knew him so well, who had so delicate an ear for sound and so quick an eye for action, never recognised him by face, voice, or gesture; that ultimately Drood induced Jasper to revisit the Sapsea vault, and there confronted him; and that Jasper, who had to be brought to the gallows somehow, and had not hitherto committed the crime necessary for that purpose, thereupon killed Neville Landless—"There is now something to hang Jasper for, the slaying of Landless, though as far as

I can see, that was done in self-defence," says Mr. Lang)—and was thus condemned to death for a subsequent event committed in extenuating circumstances! Such is Mr. Lang's "unfolding of the mystery." The first question is: Was such a "farrago of unnatural nonsense" ever likely to have been conceived by Dickens and to have been regarded by him to the last moment as one of his triumphs?

Dickens had promised a "new and incommunicable idea, difficult to work." Mr. Lang admits that Edwin's revival and his watching of Jasper would not have constituted a new idea, that it was not incommunicable, and that it was not difficult to work. Consequently the second question is: Where, then, is the novelty? Mr. Lang replies, first: "There are no new ideas in plots" (p. 51), thus begging the question; and second: "The reappearance of Edwin, quite well, in the vault where Jasper had buried him would be a very new idea to Jasper" (p. 52), which is not the point. It was the reader whom Dickens had promised to surprise, not the villain of the piece. But Mr. Lang is never tired of giving us new ideas of his own concerning Jasper, and his inexhaustibility of resource is calculated to excite what Mr. Boffin called "hadmiration amounting to haw." Here we have a dogged, calculating criminal, who for months was preparing a murder in nicest detail. He "bungled it," says Mr. Lang, and only half killed Drood, though he got him inside the vault, robbed him of his jewellery, and covered him with quicklime. A man who could proceed successfully thus far would, it might be imagined, first have made sure that his victim was really dead. But Mr. Lang believes in robbery and burial first and murder afterwards, if at all.

How, then, came Jasper to fail?

"I conjecture that Jasper had one of his 'filmy' seizures, was 'in a frightful sort of dream,' and bungled the murder: made an incomplete job of it. . . . Grant that his accustomed fit came upon him during the excitement of the murder—and then anything may happen. Jasper murders Edwin inefficiently . . . and perhaps fails to lock the door of the vault, and Drood walks out" (pp. 57-59).

That is Mr. Lang's explanation: an "inefficient murder," by one of the most efficient of plotters, due to his being overcome by a hypothetical fit. But Dickens had already told us in an early chapter, in which they were described, that these fits lasted only a few moments, that they did not cause unconsciousness, and that even conversation could be maintained the whole time (first edition, p. 9). Is it likely, then, that Jasper would fail in his prime purpose, and ever afterwards remain in a delusion as to the perfect accomplishment of that purpose, in consequence of such a fit? On the other hand, supposing he had the seizure and it was prolonged, why was it that Edwin, on stepping out of the vault, did not see him? Still more, how was it that Grewgious, "on the spot to help Edwin," made no search for the young man's assailant and failed to see the man in a fit near the very scene of the attempted murder? I trust Mr. Lang's ingenuity and resourcefulness will not fail him in answering these questions.

The idea that the real watcher in disguise—and a very necessary disguise for a woman, though not for a man—was Helena Landless strikes Mr. Lang as being "ludicrous" and "very absurd"; and his reasons are that she wears a surtout which would show up her figure—he thinks a surtout is a frock-coat, whereas it was in Dickens's time a term used for a great coat, or coverall)—and that she would not look like an old man. There was no need for her to look like an old man. Dickens does not say that Datchery was old. The white hair proves nothing definite, and the eyebrows were black. The big wig, however, proves a great deal, for Edwin (who had had "half his hair cut off" and evidently did not cultivate "hyacinthine locks") would have no need of a wig of such size; but Helena with her "luxuriant tresses" would be compelled to have one. Datchery does not talk like Helena, says Mr. Lang. Nor does Drood. But Helena was a clever girl, a good conversationist when she wished, and could adapt herself to the requirements of the assumption. The variation in speech is not

one half so pronounced in this case as is the variation in the speech of the earlier and the later Boffin in "Our Mutual Friend." Dickens took great licence in these matters. But if Helena be not Datchery, what part is she to play in this drama? Mr. Lang admits that she is "a very fresh and original character," that she is "intense and concentrated," that "only she is aware that Jasper loves, bullies, and insults Rosa," that she "knew enough to suggest to Grewgious his experiment," and that Dickens had "marked her for some important part." And having freely given her this testimonial he forthwith deserts her—she is to do nothing. With all diffidence, I ask: Why?

The picture by C. A. Collins of Datchery at the tomb is compared with Luke Fildes's picture of Edwin Drood. But when Collins drew his picture for the cover he did not know who Datchery was. Dickens kept his secret. When Fildes drew the picture of Drood he did not know who Datchery was to be. Dickens still kept the secret. How, then, can Mr. Lang claim that Collins intended to represent Drood as Datchery, or that Fildes imitated Collins? The two artists worked independently, and both were equally ignorant of the author's design. Drood in the first of Collins's pictures has long hair and classic features. In Fildes's picture *At the Piano*, this same Drood has short hair and diminutive features. Yet Mr. Lang bases his chief argument on supposed resemblances between the Datchery-Drood figure of Collins and the Drood figure of Fildes. No resemblance was intended, and no resemblance could have been justified, because Dickens was the only man that knew who Datchery was; and Collins drew his pictures long before Datchery was introduced into the story. And on the top of this we have Luke Fildes's own assertion that, whilst he was working at the pictures, he believed Drood to be dead, and therefore he could not so have portrayed him as to appear as Datchery. Mr. Lang's explanations of these points should be of the highest interest. His solution of the "Puzzle" is, so far, harder to understand than the original "Puzzle" itself.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

PERSIAN FOR ENGLISH PALATES

Odes from the Divan of Hafiz. Freely rendered from literal translations by RICHARD LE GALLIENNE. (Duckworth, 7s. 6d. net).

MR. LE GALLIENNE has again turned his attention to Persian subjects. After his Omar we have his Hafiz. Of the two, this second venture seems to us at the same time the more bold and the more justifiable. For although at first sight his version of Omar might seem to be the more daring of the two—since Omar has become classical in English and Hafiz has not—still, the method of rendering his original used by the author in these odes shows him to have had a more ambitious aim here than in the earlier book. In both works he had literal translations and treatises to guide him; but whereas in the quatrains form, metre and rhythm had been supplied to him by FitzGerald, in the odes he had to determine on them for himself. In the Rubaiyat he had but to paraphrase and amplify: in the Divan the work of selection, transmutation and recasting has been very large.

As Mr. Le Gallienne points out in his introduction, the ode, or ghazel, is not, in its original form, likely to make a successful appeal to the English reader. For the making of an ode offers an exact parallel to the threading of beads to make a necklace, inasmuch as the couplets of which it is composed need bear no sense-relation to one another, but are arbitrarily and almost mechanically connected.

"To an English reader the majority of the Odes seem merely a fortuitous concurrence of unrelated couplets. It is but seldom that one continuous motive binds the couplets together. There seems, and actually is, no reason why the couplets of one ode should not just as

fittingly have been included in another ode—except the metre and the rhyme. But in that exception is all the unity the Persian seeks . . . where we ask a thread of meaning, the Persian demands only a thread of metre . . .”

—and, it should be added, of rhyme, each ode being rhymed on one sound only. Other features of the poetry of Hafiz which render it unpalatable to us are the incongruous images and childish plays on words in which he revelled. In one place for instance he compares his heart burning in love's fire to roasting meat.

In making his version the author has decided not to reproduce any of these characteristics, but to cast his paraphrase in a native mould, using “such various lyrical forms as seemed best suited to the various themes and moods of the individual poems.” The difficulty offered by the inconsequence and lack of unity in the original poems he has endeavoured to overcome, partly by inserting passages to connect the various themes, and partly by “selecting and developing the most important motive out of the two or three different motives which one frequently finds in the same ode.” Thus the reader is warned that he is not offered the work of Hafiz but that of Mr. Le Gallienne. These poems are not reproductions or imitations, but, as it were, echoes of those cadences which were considered to be most intelligible to the peoples of the West. Or, if we may use another figure, Mr. Le Gallienne has gone a-blackberrying in his Persian meadow; and he asks us to admire, not the fertility and beauty of his hedgerows, but the flavour of the dish which he has prepared from the fruits which grow there.

A glance here and there through the book shows us at once that the subject-matter is already familiar. We have here the drunken poet, the Saki, the Sufi, the moon, the rose, the nightingale, and, above all, the red wine. But in these pages the utterance is more purely lyrical than in the quatrains, and there is at the same time less of the regret and *weltschmerz*, and less of the speculative questioning, which are characteristic of Omar. And whereas we have heard Khayyam “cursing God with one cup and loving him with the next,” balancing, as it were, his philosophical utterances with expressions of contempt and even hatred for the Supernatural, we now hear Hafiz assuring his critics that he is not troubled:

“Go to, thou Puritan! the Gods above
Ordained this wine for us, but not for thee;
Drunkards we are by a divine decree,
Yea, by the special privilege of heaven
Foredoomed to drink and foreordained forgiven.”

With the workmanship of the translator, too, we are already well acquainted. His best verses are those which tell of “gentle drunkenness, great-hearted mirth” and other pleasant delights, though we occasionally find some pretty descriptive passages, in very general terms, like the following:

“See how the earth is spangled like a sky
With starry belts of constellated flowers,
Responsive to the vernal stars on high;
The tulip flames unquenched amid the showers,
And the enamelled earth with heaven doth vie.”

But the verse is defaced by the same old mannerisms and defects, arising partly out of an utter neglect of metre, partly out of an apparent lack of the capacity for taking pains, and partly out of an inability to understand poetic rhythms. Such lines as

“Hafiz thy song the power of death defiest,”

and

“I beg thee that to no one else thou shewest
These words I send,”

are really inexcusable in the mouth of any human being. They occur here, the first because a rhyme was required for “diest,” and the second because the first line of the poem ends with “knowest,” and this exceedingly ugly rhyme-sound is repeated through the piece. In other places the difficulty of finding a rhyme is avoided by repeating the rhyme-word, a device which in any but a master-hand gives the most weak, irritating and depressing

effect of bathos that can be imagined. These, it may be said, are defects which the author could have avoided had he cared to do so. But they are only his grosser sins. He is obviously lacking in that finer sense which can distinguish one rhythm from another: thus the line:

“O Hell within the heaven of your face!”

though in no way striking or original, does contain a poetic rhythm of a sort. But consider the couplet:

“Would, love, that I had never seen your face!
And yet—if I had never seen your face!”

This, if expanded, might make good prose; or with some contraction it might conceivably pass uncensured in dramatic blank verse; but here, as an isolated couplet forming a stanza in a rhymed lyrical piece, it is entirely out of place and ineffective.

In short, while Mr. Le Gallienne has not found much more to tell us in this than in his last Persian study, he has not shown any greater poetical merit; but, on the contrary, by his more ambitious metrical scheme and greater dependence upon himself, he has been led into worse technical blunders. In one sense his object has been achieved; for he has given us fragments of Hafiz in such a form that the old toper would only recognise them in his most sober moments. But he has not produced good poetry.

NAPOLEON THE SECOND

The Duke of Reichstadt (Napoleon the Second). A Biography compiled from new sources of information. By EDWARD DE WERTHEIMER. (Lane, 21s.)

By a strange coincidence the two most pathetic youthful figures in French history are Louis the Seventeenth and Napoleon the Second. The agony of Louis the Sixteenth's only son may have been sharper, but it was also far shorter than that which fell to the lot of the unfortunate being who, born to the greatest heritage the modern world has seen, ended his life with the nominal rank of Colonel in the Austrian army, and an Austrian dukedom.

Considering the extraordinary number of books and pamphlets written round the personality of Napoleon the First, it is curious to reflect how completely that of his son has been allowed to remain unnoticed. This biography, with the possible exception of Welschinger's “*Le Roi de Rome*,” published some eight years ago, is the first serious attempt to deal with the life of the youth whom M. Rostand happily dubbed “*L'Aiglon*.”

M. de Wertheimer has been at great pains to gather every detail concerning his hero, and in addition to searching the State archives and others in Vienna and Berlin, he has been greatly helped by certain private persons descended from those who surrounded the young Napoleon during his boyhood and youth. Of pathetic interest are the many portraits he has also been able to procure and publish, and from these we can gather a very vivid impression of Reichstadt's appearance from babyhood to manhood; particularly valuable in this connection being the reproduction of the water-colour by Isabey, which now hangs in the Emperor of Austria's own bedroom, and that of the drawing by Ender of the great Napoleon's son on his death-bed. In the Isabey sketch the King of Rome appears in the guise of the beautiful typical infant who is “*Heir of all the Ages*,” the likeness to his father being, of course, emphasised by the Court artist. In the portrait taken after death the look of massive, almost plebeian, power has given way to the delicate, high-bred, and typical Hapsburg cast of feature, and we seem to see in the dead youth the great-nephew of Marie Antoinette.

In his desire to produce a serious, historical work, the author of “*The Duke of Reichstadt*” devotes rather too great a portion of his book to describing the second marriage of Napoleon the First. Here he is compelled to go

over well-trodden ground, though here and there we have new glimpses afforded us of that enigmatical personality, the Empress Marie Louise. Not for the first time we are shown how well Napoleon treated this Austrian Princess, how fondly attached he became to her, and—odd that it should be so—she to him. The adoration of Napoleon for his son has never been doubted by either his friends or his foes; both in public documents and in countless private letters the Emperor's intense feeling becomes manifest.

The new documents published in "The Duke of Reichstadt" make it very clear that Marie Louise was more than once on the point of obeying her husband's urgent command to join him, together with their child, at Elba. Indeed, she was probably only prevented from doing so by her incurable laziness of mind and of body. During his sojourn at Elba, the Empress thought of Napoleon constantly, and she even gave offence at Vienna by publicly speaking of her husband in the most affectionate terms. The author of this book is evidently inclined to disbelieve the story crediting Metternich with the infamous plan of providing Marie Louise—at the time, it will be remembered, still in the early twenties—with a lover. But the significant fact remains that Count Neipperg, the man who so quickly made his way into her good graces, was chosen to accompany her to Aix, although he was known to be an irresistible lady-killer and a man of captivating address and appearance. Before her stay at Aix was concluded, Neipperg had succeeded in estranging Marie Louise from Napoleon, and in persuading her to give up all thought of joining him.

When the news of Bonaparte's landing in France became known in Vienna, Metternich and the Emperor of Austria at once realised that he would make a determined attempt to regain his child, and it was during the Hundred Days that all sorts of stories were told concerning attempted abductions of the Prince of Parma, as the poor little boy was now styled. A personal description of the Prince was circulated, and this gives us an opportunity of knowing what the King of Rome was like at the age of four:

"He is 2 ft. in height, rather thick-set, has a very smooth, beautiful, pink and white complexion, full cheeks, blue eyes, rather deep-set, a small turned-up nose with rather wide nostrils, a small mouth with somewhat pouting lips, in the middle of which is a little cleft, large, very white teeth, long flaxen hair, parted on the forehead and falling round his face and shoulders in thick curls. The Prince usually speaks French, but also some German. He talks in a lively manner and gesticulates with his hands. His behaviour is very vivacious."

From that time onwards the Prince was surrounded by German attendants, although his nurse, who had been with him from the day of his birth, was allowed to remain with him one year longer. But she and her charge were never left alone in the daytime. The mere existence of the Duke of Reichstadt, as he had at last become, was a thorn in the side of Louis the Eighteenth. A large section of the French people looked to the child as their future Emperor. It is actually on record that on the day of the Bourbon's second return there were cries in the crowd of "Vive le roi—de Rome et son Papa!" and among the populace it was believed that Austria would in time support the claims of her Emperor's grandson. Accordingly, Louis the Eighteenth caused it to be made very plain to the Austrian Court that "the Eaglet's" French nationality must be as much as possible crushed out; hence, doubtless, the bestowal on him of the Austrian dukedom, to which was attached only the right of being a "Serene" instead of an "Imperial" or "Royal" Highness.

Full of interesting new matter are those chapters which deal with the lad's education and last years. They make it clear that much that has been written in France concerning the way in which Napoleon's son was treated is pure calumny. His governors and tutors were chosen among men of rank and character, but they were compelled to carry out the orders they received. The King of Rome's education had begun when he was only two years old, and his teachers found him at five with a mind as

mature as that of many gifted children of ten. Metternich had insisted that his education was to be "completely and entirely German even to the smallest details," and so he ended by speaking his father's language like a foreigner, in spite of his own efforts to keep up his native tongue.

The Duke was five years old when one day he suddenly inquired who was now reigning in France.

"'A King.' 'But I know an Emperor once ruled there. Who was it?' 'That was your father, who in consequence of his unfortunate passion for war lost his crown and empire.' 'Is my dear father a criminal, since he did so much mischief?' The tutor rather cleverly answered, 'It is not for us to judge him; continue to love your father and to pray for him.'"

Although everything was done to make him forget and, indeed, ignore the existence, past or present, of Napoleon, the little Duke seems to have thought of him incessantly; and when news of the death of the great exile arrived, by means of a courier of the Rothschilds, at Vienna, it was felt that the news must be broken with caution to the nine-year-old boy. He was terribly affected, and, as his tutor wrote: "He wept more tears than I should have expected from a child who had never seen (?) or known (?) his father." It seems almost incredible that, though the Duke was allowed to go into mourning, his household remained in colours.

The death of Napoleon revived French interest in his son. Béranger wrote the famous lines, "Les Deux Cousins," an epistle supposed to be addressed by the Duke of Reichstadt to the Duke of Bordeaux. Many French Liberals journeyed to Vienna in the hope of seeing the boy, but of course they were not allowed to go near him. Barthélemy caught a glimpse of him at the theatre, and evidently thought him even then looking ill and delicate, for what he saw inspired the famous lines:

"A la cour de Pyrrhus j'ai vu le fils d'Hector ! . . .
Quel germe destructeur, sous l'écorce agissant,
A sitôt défloré ce fruit adolescent ?"

It was decided that he should go into the Austrian army; he was intensely, enthusiastically interested in military matters, and so marvellous was the effect which the great Napoleon had produced on the imagination of soldiers, both friends and foes, that the Austrian army longed for the coming of the youth, and saw in him one who would most certainly lead them to victory. His happiest years were those between eighteen and one-and-twenty: that is, from the time when he was allowed to be an officer, and when he began to frequent the Court world, where he was very popular. But his health failed. For two years he went through all the various stages terribly familiar to those who have ever nursed phthisis, and he died, after a long death agony, on June 22, 1832, in the splendid room at Schönbrunn, which had been occupied by Napoleon, in the zenith of his fame and glory, in 1809.

SOME FRENCH METRES

IN one of his letters W. E. Henley wrote:

"It was in 1875 that R. L. S., going to Paris, returned to Edinburgh with Banville's *Trente-Six Ballades Joyeuses*, and, unless I grossly err, Villon and Charles d'Orléans. I had known both before, but had not been interested in the forms of either. Now the tricks pleased. There was no revolt against Tennyson so far as we were concerned. Here was a trick, a great deal newer than the sonnet and with heaps of possibilities in it, undreamed of in the Sonnet. So we fell on the lot—trioletts, rondels, rondeaux, ballades, chants-royaux (even!)."

The history of this revival is like that of most enthusiasms, the independent and secret growth of a fancy, a cult, a hypothesis in many minds, and the simultaneous outburst of expression. The annual appearances of the sea-serpent are on a par with it: as Neptune sends his monsters to the surface in the silly season, so the Muse Erato loves to flash her jewels upon the sterility of a blank-verse age. A dainty and fascinating metre, well suited for

fickle lovers and indolent versifiers, is bound to win an ephemeral popularity when readers and writers are tired of loose-limbed lyrics and pedestrian odes: and the ballade, the rondeau, the villanelle and "le pauvre petit triolet" came to English soil again, too late, alas! for Calverley, but in time to catch the fancy of such masters of light verse as Mr. Lang, Mr. Dobson and Henley. It is true that Mr. Swinburne employed them widely but somewhat irregularly before 1875, and that Mr. Bridges published the first perfect rondeau in 1873 and also the first triolet; but it was left to the others to give these forms of verse a permanent place among English metres and to prove exactly how far they serve the purposes of poetry and at what point they fail to satisfy.

They are essentially toys for amateurs, "intellectual cigarettes" of an enchanting flavour; but the habit of consuming them grows upon the smoker till he is weary and longs for the more dignified aroma of a cigar or the more homely taciturnity of an epic pipe. You have but to try the experiment, and this is soon proved; the first rondeau is a maze of difficulties, heavy but tantalising; the fifth is a siren with the prettiest smile and the gleam of level teeth; but the fiftieth is a tiresome affair written impromptu in a lady's album or used as a spill. So Henley and the rest found them. "We did as we could," he said, "until we got sick of them." He used the ballade chiefly as a form of political pasquinade.

"In that capacity," he went on, "it might, I think, be revived. I know not, I; I am so sick of rhyme that I almost wish it had never been. *En somme*, I think that we all got tired of the ballade, because we all got the trick of it, and its execution got mechanical. I have heard of, and I believe in, ballades done between Fleet Street and the Strand, and between Gloucester Road and South Kensington stations. I did not do them. But if you look up your 'London,' you'll find a certain 'Ballade of Civil Engineers,' which, I am assured, was actually produced within these limits."

The craze, at any rate, spread rapidly for a time, and filled the magazines of the period; but it may be said to have ended at about the date when Mr. Gleeson White edited his selections of "Ballades and Rondeaux, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, etc.," with the admirable introductions which must be read by all experimenters in this "intellectual tennis," as Stevenson called it. Here the rules are laid down and illustrated with taste and discretion; and the history of the metres exemplified is traced to their origin among the Provençal Courts of Love. The fact is that the age which invented these forms has, for most people, irretrievably passed away; the glamour and whole-hearted artificiality are lost; the Alba of Mr. Swinburne: "Ah God, ah God, that day should be so soon!" strikes a chord of sincerity which would have shocked the idealising troubadour; and a great number of the best known English ballades would certainly have won only frowns from Provençal princesses. On the other hand Mr. Dobson's famous triolet "I intended an Ode," would compare with anything from "The Adventures of Cléomadès," with its 20,000 verses, to de Banville's "Odes Funambulesques"; and Mr. Lang has reached a pitch of excellence in his "Thirty Two Ballades of Blue China" which makes them legitimate models for all others to imitate.

Whatever may be the value of the ballade and rondeau as practical forms of political verse—and as such the rondeau was used with marked success by Dr. Lawrence, Burke's friend, in "The Rolliad" of 1784—it is idle to deny their charms for the "literary lounge." He has, perhaps, a pretty facility of rhyme and needs a metre in which he will not be restricted by definite and provocative rules; here is a garden open to his fancy in which he may pursue the fleetest of fairies through a maze of flowers.

A French writer, quoted, we believe, by Mr. Lang, says:

"The rhyme, and nothing but the rhyme, will whisper things unexpected and charming, things he would never have thought of but for her, things with strange and remote relations to each other, all united in the disorder of a dream. Nothing indeed is richer in suggestion than the strict laws of these difficult pieces; they force the fancy to wander afield, hunting high and low; and while she seeks through all the world the foot that can wear Cinderella's slipper, she makes delightful discoveries by the way."

And then the refrain—the warning note of the motif, or the stab of a jewelled stiletto—how seductive a plaything it is! By it any effect can be produced, any emotion recalled; it has more weight in the ballade, more point in the rondeau and triolet, more pathos in the villanelle. A clever *nuance* of meaning in its recurrences, its unforced and genial setting in the structure of the poem—diamond in gold—its expected reiteration of a tender sentiment, all make it play the leading part in the *ensemble* of the rondeau, or whatever it is. "It is at the same time," says de Banville, "its subject, its *raison d'être* and its means of expression."

Among Englishmen, at least, the Muse of these metres has a motley throng of votaries; they are mostly triflers and *dilettanti*, the "nympharum fugientium amator" and the "tinkler of a tiny verse," lovers and fantasists—the Pantoum and Glose claim all grotesques—who play with beautiful things in the nursery of Parnassus, and in moments of rare felicity drift back to the sunny courts of Love and lie in silver fetters at the feet of glorious ladies.

"A! miseri
Quibus intentata nites!"

A SUABIAN LEGEND

I

God made all things,
And seeing they were good
He set a limit to the springs,
And circumscribed the flood,
Stayed the aspiring mountain ranges,
And said: "Thus far: henceforth no changes."
And then 'twixt beast and beast he set his ban,
And drew his line 'twixt woman and 'twixt man.

II

God leaning down
Over the world beneath,
Knitted his brows to a frown . . .
No creature drew its breath,
No cloud approached with rain unto the hills;
No ripple moved the mirrors of the seas,
Still lay the cattle in the meads: the rills
Hung in the tufts of moss: the trees
Seemed carved out of metal: manhood stood
Drooping his silent head by womanhood:
No voice of beast nor any song of bird,
Nor any sound of wind was from the woodlands heard.

III

God leaning down
Over the world beneath,
Knitted his brows to a frown,
And fashioned Death. . . .
The clouds died out around the mountain heads,
The becks and streams sank in their pebbled beds,
The ocean shivered and lay wan, like lead,
And man fled and the beasts fled
Into the crevices of mountains round;
The grass withered on the sod;
Lizards and beetles sank into the ground;
And God
Looked on his last-made creature, Death, and frowned.

IV

He paced in thought a while,
Resounding through his paved courts above:
They lightened in the radiance of his smile—
He had imagined Love.
(Oh help us ere we die: we die so soon,
We who have but one dawn and but one noon,
And fade e'er nightfall) . . . Then the Lord made Love.

And looking on the earth he saw
The greenness deepen on each straw:
The worms come creeping on the lawns:
Sweet showers in the pleasant dawns:
The lapwings wailing o'er the fens:
The ewe lambs rising in their pens:
And wavelets tracing rhymes of white
On the blue breast of ocean . . .

But at night
Man slept with woman. Then Creation shook
At the awful wrath of God. His way he took
Over the trembling hills to their embowered nook
Of shadow, where the lime-trees kissed the brook.
Above their sleep he towered: waiting on his word,
Great Death stood by him raising up his sword.
But pausing there above these sleeping things,
God was aware of one whose insubstantial wings,
A-quiver, formed a pent-house o'er the place.
Therefore he stayed his hand and sighed
To see how lip matched lip, side mated side,
And how remembered joy sealed each still face.
Therefore he stayed his hand and smiled,
Shook his tremendous head and went his way,
Love being his best-begotten child
And having over Death and Sin God's sway.
*(Oh help us ere we die: we die so soon:
We who are born at dawn, have but one noon,
And fade ere night: Help us to one short boon,
Help us to know short joy: we die so soon,
So soon: so soon!)*

FORD MADOX HUEFFER.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

DE SENECTUTE

II

IN a previous paper under this title Cicero's treatment of Old Age was unfolded, and some modern aspects of the subject advanced, such as the view which may be taken of possession in Old Age. To one or two additional thoughts on the same subject the following article is devoted.

An experience little known in youth, but with which Age becomes familiar, is the joy of seeing others accomplish what we have failed to achieve. The delight of contemplating their success, and admiring it, is one of the most radiant experiences of life. In youth and maturity one wished to accomplish so much oneself, that there was not time to contemplate the work of others with a genuinely sympathetic eye. In the springtime of one's own humanity that could not be. But in old age, to witness the dawn of new achievements, to see fresh discoveries in germ, to become increasingly aware of the latent possibilities of our race, and to have a joyous forecast of the progress of humanity, is a delight superior to almost all that youth and maturity brought us.

Then, there is a peculiar and quite special joy in nature, which is the heritage of Old Age; not only an insight into it, but a fellowship with it, which is more intense, discerning, restful, ecstatic even, than the joy of youth. A great poet has developed the contrast between the two states of experience, in words which bear repetition a hundred times. Referring to his youthful joy he wrote:

"Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,

That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

I maintain that the joy of Old Age in nature may be more intense and far-reaching than that of youth, because it is a selfless joy. One is drawn into sympathy with the opening leaves and flowers and buds, far more than used to be the case in our earlier years, when the leaves and buds were opening within our own personality. Now, in the autumn of our physical existence, and when its winter is approaching, there need be no autumnal sadness with it, nor any "winter of our discontent" because of it. On the contrary, a new sense of property may be felt in the flower and the leaf, in the stream, the hill and the sky, in the birds and animals around us: while there is no kind of personal ownership in any of them. One gets to love all lovable things more intensely—passionately, yet dispassionately—feeling that while they are not ours, we have property in them all; and so we come round again by a fresh pathway to the experience of having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

A friend accompanied the legal owner of a great Scottish forest through a part of it, and found that he had no appreciation of the place except as a game-preserve. He was inclined to wonder at the enthusiasm of his visitor, who cared so much for what the proprietor nick-named "mere scenery." The appreciation, or at least the explicit mention, of its charm was evidently considered "bad form"; but all of a sudden, when resting at a spot where mountain, lake and river were yielding a rare apocalypse of beauty, the owner said to his bewildered friend: "You are the true proprietor. I own it but in name. I only hold the title-deeds."

These are, however, exceptional though not rare experiences. A far commoner one is the gladness which a garden may yield in age, when each flower becomes companionable, and their unfailing succession "all the year round" is an unwearied delight; not when they are gathered, but when they are left where they are, to be seen by and to gladden others. What a relief from untoward or rough humanity a garden is! We even come to thank the uncongenial people who drive us to nature, to be refreshed and exhilarated by it; nature which does not disappoint us, but is ever "true and beautiful and good." How much do the unconscious plants and animals do for us, then and there? It may be, as a poet put it:

"And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes."

But the reflex enjoyment it conveys to mankind enhances the charm which universal nature ceaselessly bestows.

Another thing to be noted is that youth has no such Memory as Age has. It cannot have it, for experience has not yet amassed its stores, and it cannot therefore yield us the treasures which we gather by recollection in Age. The power of reminiscence, which can bring back the life of friends long dead, which can revive the memories and examples of the past, the "goodly company" of those whom we have known—and the ability to live our old experiences over again, in happy retrospect—is not that a gain of the first magnitude? If it has no treasury of

outward things, a serene Old Age may surely have a nobler ownership in these possessions, laid up in the store-houses of joyous memory. They cannot be taken from it; and thus Age can live over and over again what youth and maturity enjoyed. What is the use of regretting the departure of experiences, which can be recalled by vivid memory, re-embodied, and thus re-experienced, any more than of wishing the impossible return of our departed youth?

Here again the poets have taught us the rare blessings of this kind of memory. What finer lines were ever written than those, in which Wordsworth tells us that allegoric bards have likened Memory to "a pen to register" and a key to "wind through secret wards"; but that

"As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

"That smoothes foregone distress, the lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues."

And he adds:

"O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,
That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

"Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

"With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening."

Next, there is the converse of this—though not its opposite—viz., the blessed power of forgetfulness which age brings to us, the power of forgetting those alien elements which may have entered into our past experience, the disturbing and distracting things of our earlier life. Much fades of necessity. Our past grows dim, if we outlive it; and it often requires an effort to recall it. We may be glad for the effacement of much. But the presence of the tablets with their inscriptions effaced, the sight of the "clean slate" before us, can only be unwelcome, when its inscriptions were not good or happy ones. We may be thankful for the power of forgetfulness, which enables us actively to accomplish more—when the past is buried in oblivion, and we obtain "sweet absolution and release—" quite as much as for the power of reminiscence, which enables us to recall in "a wise passiveness" what once was ours.

Another point is this. In Old Age almost all our judgments of men and things, of character and conduct, are modified. They assume more just proportions. The acrimony that once entered into our verdict is softened; while our allegiance to the principles which were reached in youth, and confirmed by maturity, remains. It becomes tempered by the wisdom of a later and more gracious experience.

In addition, all the experiences which connect us with things external are changed, and some of them glorified. Our very senses—those channels of communication with the outer world—are refined. Not only the higher senses of sight and sound—and with them our appreciations of the Beautiful through the eye and the ear—are elevated and etherealised; but the lower ones of taste and touch are no longer "of the earth earthy." They attain to a delicacy and ethereality, which they never possessed in youth.

Well: if there is a time in which it is good to feel that we are young, and have life before us, with its untrodden paths, and immense latent possibilities; there is also a time to acquiesce with gladness in the fact that we are old, and that others must do the work which we have failed to accomplish. When this stage is reached, both our retrospect and prospect assume, as we have seen, new

phases. It is a commonplace to say that all wise men try to adjust their relationships to the past and to the future some time before they see that they must leave this world. A sermon was once preached, by a distinguished Erastian, from the text: "Set your house in order." He discussed the subject thus: "In the first place, pay your debts. In the second, insure your life; and in the third place, make your will." This worldly-wise advice may perhaps not carry us very far along those tracks which our higher consciousness is fain to traverse; but it will certainly give composure of spirit—if it be followed—to any one, however poor, if he feels that he owes no man anything, that his life is properly insured, and that he has finally settled his affairs. These things being done, so much space is cleared, and is open for further and loftier outlook.

Then, in Age it is surely easier than it was in youth to overcome the temperamental disease of fussing over trifles; and is not that one of its genuine blessings? It is true that some persons continue to practise this habit when they are old. But usually in Age we let trifles alone. We say: What does it matter? If bad temper and passion are useless, excitement over little things is nearly as bad; and the calm which Age naturally brings, is surely one of the richest fruits we can then ingather.

Nothing need be said of such well-known pleasures in Old Age as those of varied reading, and the friendship of good books. These have been mentioned by many writers, notably by Southey in his well-known lines beginning:

"My days among the dead are passed."

But, having in previous paragraphs alluded to the joys of retrospect, there are still those of prospect to be recorded and noted. The anticipation of meeting his friends in another sphere of existence gave to Cicero his special outlook in Old Age. It was not to him—(this is our modern inheritance)—the prospect of the completion of what in this life is defective, and full of flaws: but it was a confident belief that his dead friends survived, that he would converse with them again, and have more varied fellowship than he had hitherto experienced. This gave a distinctive character to all his soliloquies on the future, and enabled him to contemplate his own departure from the world with more than contentment.

We are advised by some persons never to think of Death, because the forecast of its inevitableness will interfere with our tranquillity; and may produce uneasiness, while it is sure to lessen our serenity. But this is just what its realisation need never do. From the aphorism of a great modern philosopher that "the wise man thinks of nothing so little as of his own death," we may dissent entirely; or agree with it only when we have thought so much that our thinking has transfigured it. On the contrary the tranquil contemplation of the close of life may certainly give fresh energy to work, and add to its enjoyment while it lasts. Many are accustomed during life to look frequently at the little spot of earth where they hope their dust will lie, without a touch of sorrow or regret; as the devout Hebrews thought, and spoke, of being "gathered to their fathers" in the same burial-place. A modern artist and poet used to say that to think of the empty room, and the forsaken things of which he now made use, was his best antidote to care; and that such "prospecting" gave him both strength and calm.

On the occasion of his father's death, Ruskin wrote: "I find a curious thing, that natural sorrow does not destroy strength, but gives it—while an irregular out-of-the-way avoidable sorrow kills—according to its weight"; and few of our recent seers talked more tranquilly of the severances that were inevitable. He was consoled, not only by the hope of greater achievements in store for humanity, but also by the prospect of the survival of individual life. He said more than once that merely "to join the choir invisible" (as George Eliot had put it, in noble lines) and to believe in the triumphs of a loftier coming race (as J. A. Symonds put it, in equally noble ones) was not

enough for him; without the persistence, continuity, and development of the individual.

In what remains I do not raise the question of the grounds of belief in a future life, the evidence in support of it, which requires a volume for its adequate discussion. I only state what the presence of the belief may do for Old Age, both to lighten its burdens and to make its outlook tranquil; more especially if the expectation of posthumous existence is coupled with belief in pre-existence.

If we have the prospect of survival, what is there in the stroke of death more extraordinary or alarming than is the accident of birth? What is there in the act of dying to cause alarm, if it is only an incident in our journey, preparatory to a change of residence? We have passed through scores of changes already—transitions, all of them—because we are changing within and without, every moment that we live. Why then should any one particular change disquiet us? If we are not now mere "dust and ashes," an aggregate of atoms, "magnetic mockeries"—in which case our dissolution would be our destruction—why, and how, should we ever become such? And if death is sometimes terrible, surely life is oftener more terrible. But it is only the manifestations of life, which begin to be in time and space upon this planet, that exhibit these changes. If the life itself pre-existed them, it will necessarily survive them. Although they disappear, it cannot do so. And what, it may be asked, is there to fear in the way of loss? We have all already lost much phenomenally, in the manifestations of body and spirit. We are always losing both, thus "dying daily"; but we experience renewal, reintegration, every moment in the continuity of experience; and what is to hinder this continuance, when the body goes to pieces? Here and now, our mental and our bodily life are conjoined, and co-efficient. The one is aided by the other, at times disturbed; and again, it finds it "something between a hindrance and a help." But it does not follow that the two are absolutely dependent on one another, and that the former must cease with the latter. More especially if the essential part of each of us—the *ego* within—did not begin to be when we first appeared in the flesh, then we are (in our inmost selves) independent of space and time; not unaffected by the changes which occur in them, but unsuppressed and unconquered by them.

It is impossible to unfold, in these pages, the evidence on which this rests; but it is easy to see that, if the belief is rational, death is not the ending of our existence, that our individuality does not then come to a standstill, and that the renunciation of that individuality is not the goal of the blessed life which the Buddhist considers it. If, as the Aristotelians teach more wisely, life consists in energy—the energy of individuality—and if that energy is never perfected within mundane limits, what more natural than to infer its continuance and development elsewhere? And if so, it will be seen to be wholly foolish and unnatural to regret Age or to dread our coming decease; as foolish and unnatural as to regret the changes of the seasons, or to dread the act of falling asleep.

What a great poet called the "Intimations of Immortality" may assuredly arise out of the "Recollections of Childhood," and then "the thought of our past years" may breed, as he put it, "perpetual benediction"; but if we pre-existed the present, and if it is only an infinitesimally small part of an existence which has absolutely no date or boundary before or after—which our earthly birth in time or space did not create, but has only disclosed in a transient apocalypse—we will come to regard our departure as the commencement of new experience; while we feel that to live longer here would be to become usurpers, taking the place of those more fit to fill the posts we occupy, and to carry on the work of the world. The evidence on which this conviction rests may be more fully unfolded by-and-by.

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

[Next week's *Causerie* will be on "Doudan," by Edward Wright.]

FICTION

Kipps: the Story of a Simple Soul. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan, 6s.)

SOME time ago Mr. Wells, in lecturing at the Royal Institution, dwelt on the relation of fiction and plays to our modern social complexity. He explained how the result of new conditions of labour and commerce and civilisation was to raise up a number of new ranks in the social scale with positions at present indefinite and unclassified. The old simple distinctions are suddenly and quickly being split up into finer distinctions; and the result is that there are a lot of people who find themselves in circumstances which they do not understand and in which they do not know how to behave. People are continually rising; every step in the scale becomes, little by little, divided into minuter grades, and every one is looking upwards to the grade above that in which he finds himself at the moment. Now, Mr. Wells's view was that a great many people went to plays and read novels in order to find out how the people in the grade above them, or the grade above that, or the highest grade of all behaved, talked, used their knives and forks, pronounced the English language, and so forth. We are not concerned here with the rightness or wrongness of this view of Mr. Wells's, though we think that there is a good deal to be said for it. The point raised in our minds was rather this: how are these inquirers to know what is really the behaviour and so forth of the "best" people? What guarantee is there that the people they are watching and reading about are the "best" people? And, if you translate the thing into real life, how are these innumerable aspirants to know that the people they are trying to imitate are doing the right thing, and are not themselves behaving in a way that the people above them again consider entirely wrong? That was one of the innumerable problems that confronted Mr. Arthur Kipps, draper's assistant, when he suddenly found himself the possessor of twelve hundred a year. He wanted very much indeed to be, in effect, the "gentleman" which the possession of that princely income undoubtedly made him according to his own theory. The simple soul had already felt the stirrings of aspiration after better things than the drainpipe up which, as one of his fellow drapers put it, you crawl till you die. At the wood-carving class (which he attended because it was shifted to the hours originally occupied by the freehand-drawing class that was his first attempt at following a higher education) he had met a beautiful lady, a Miss Helen Walsingham, who was, palpably, to his inexperienced eye, a real "lady." He became engaged to her—for she wanted his money. How was the unhappy Kipps to know that she was only a few steps above himself and very far indeed below what other people might consider a real "lady"? She was in fact the daughter of a deceased solicitor, and her circle was one very far below that "best" at which Mr. Kipps was aiming. There lies to a great extent the pathos of Mr. Wells's book; in the picture of a simple soul struggling very hard to acquire something which, even if he had got it, was far from being what he really intended to aim at. Then, of course, there was the inevitable pulling both ways, which is one of the commonest features in modern life in its social relations. The people who come up, as Kipps came up, are bound to get rid of their old friends. It was all very well for Kipps to be friends with Booch and Buggins when he was a draper's assistant; in those days friendship with that great but yet unacted playwright and whiskey-drinker, Mr. Chitterlow, was something of an advantage. It was not long before even Chitterlow had to be dropped; and as for Ann Pornick, a girl with whom our Kipps at the age of fourteen had shared a split sixpence, he positively found her answering the bell when he went to a party at the house of one of his new friends. Now, Mr. Wells's sympathies, as he frankly tells us in an amusing and furious page, are all with the Kippses and against the other people (bishops and so forth), and he frees the simple soul from the tangle into which his new money has got him, by

sending him back to the circle in which he was really at home, the circle of his uncle and aunt, the shop-keepers, of Sid Pornick, the bicycle-maker, and of Ann Pornick, later Kipps, the pretty parlourmaid with whom he had long ago split a sixpence. Mr. Wells has told the world that he has written his last sociological work; but the interest of Kipps, that is the deeper interest, the idea-plot—if we may call it so—lies in its exposition of social difficulties and changes which are going on all round us. The book, in fact, has a purpose, but that purpose is not allowed to interfere with its vivacity; and "Kipps" is, indeed, the most amusing book and at the same time the tenderest book that Mr. Wells has ever written. To read it is to indulge in a prolonged chuckle, and there is a humanity about the whole story which makes it, in our opinion, a great deal more interesting than all the scientific fantasies in the whole world. Incidentally, it may teach the people who read it something of other grades of life. The interior of the draper's shop reads as if Mr. Wells knew it thoroughly—but there are no powdered footmen at the Garrick Club.

Wild Wheat. A Dorset Romance. By M. E. FRANCIS. (Longmans, 6s.)

M. E. FRANCIS is one of the few authors who may always be counted upon not to disappoint her readers. They may prefer one of her stories to another, and find themselves in greater sympathy with one set of characters and circumstances than another, but in every volume they will meet with something new to admire, respect and remember. Some of her characters have become as familiar friends, the friends we love and laugh at, and therefore are least likely to forget. Whatever the subject of the story may be, and whatever class of society is dealt with by the author's skilful pen, the telling of it, the whole atmosphere of it, leave us with a higher opinion of human nature. Insight, experience, and ability are not the only qualities that enable her thus to influence our minds and sympathies. "Wild Wheat" ('twas good grain what he sowed, though it mid ha' felled the wrong side o' the fence) is the story of a man's first love, a passion that runs near to madness, makes Peter Hounsell indifferent to family duty and personal advantage, careless of name and reputation, blind to all issues but the acceptance and return of his love. Peter comes of ancient yeoman stock, of a family more wealthy than half the Squires in the county, but is penniless himself, and to some extent under the authority of his elder brother; his father like his forbears having left "everything in a lump" to the eldest born. Peter, who is neither a patient nor an amiable man, resents what he considers an unjust arrangement, and, when he falls in love, breaks away from his family altogether. Nathalie, the girl for whom he sacrifices so much, is half Russian, half English, fascinating, elusive, petulant, and cruel, and at the very moment when Peter sees happiness within his grasp, she fails him utterly and humiliates him beyond forgiveness. It is after all "the dream Nathalie" he loved, and the awakening is bitter. Peter's story does not end here; he and another have a hard road to travel before peace and happiness are attained. There is one blot upon the story—old Miss Manvers with her absurd travesty of the Kneipp cure by means of the garden fountain, the watering-pot, a roll of oilcloth, and cream cheese compresses. These scenes are so unlike M. E. Francis's style and quality of humour that we can but wonder how they found a place in her pages. Even the possible explanation that Miss Manvers was crazy upon this point, does not console us. Prue is a delightful little maid, and her devotion is pretty and touching; severe as Peter's trials are, the faithful Prue suffers as greatly and with a higher courage. "Wild Wheat" is an admirable story and Peter's character is finely handled, but in general interest it does not reach the level of some other Dorset tales—"Frander's Widow," and "The Manor Farm," for instance. It is of tougher fibre and more vigorously treated. For the first time, perhaps, there is a touch of hardness in the author's method; it is the rod rather than the wand that rules here.

Peter is rarely absent from the scene, and is almost throughout at high pressure in love, in despair, and in remorse, his stormy love-affairs leaving but little room for the lighter side of life. Yet, there is opportunity for the play of gentle humour, for many a gleam of homely wisdom conveyed in the expressive Dorset tongue, and there is always the peculiar charm that pervades all this writer's stories.

The Professor's Legacy. By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Arnold, 6s.)

MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK is an uncertain writer—wilfully uncertain, we should be inclined to say, having regard to her gratifying certainty of style and phrase. It is not in matters of expression that she sometimes disappoints us, but in the choice of what she shall express. We have known her go a-hunting after what is called "plot," and coming back in triumph with some mangled specimen, when all the while the real plot, the plot that matters, the plot that concerns the development of characters and the growth of ideas, was waiting on her doorstep. A writer with so keen a sense of character, so light and sure a touch in describing it, ought never to think that "action" has any interest outside the effect of incident on human minds. And in "The Professor's Legacy," we are delighted to meet once again the real Mrs. Sidgwick, who cares nothing for "plot" and is concerned solely with the portrayal and development of character. Her stern and silent Englishman, and the beautiful young German girl who marries him more or less out of pique and learns to love him in the end; the Englishman's sister, with her passion for music and animals, and the German musician who falls in love with her; these and the other characters in the book are all (this time) real people, who interest us continuously. Mrs. Sidgwick is not afraid of her subject. It is a subject that only a writer of dignity and good feeling could handle, and she handles it with perfect reserve. Yet it is not a case of "Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse, To throw that faint thin line upon the shore." Reticent and light of touch as our author is, you are never allowed to forget how deep are the depths of passion that lie beneath this humorous, shrewd surface-play. "The Professor's Legacy," in fact, is one of the most interesting and well-told novels of the season, and it should be one of the most popular. We may add that Mrs. Sidgwick, who has, as all her readers know, a genius for describing disagreeable people, has only one in this book—and that one is as subtly and as absolutely disagreeable as any of them. The rest of her characters the author seems—and rightly—to regard with affection.

The Benefactor. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Brown, Langham, 6s.)

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER's novel is at least not like other people's novels. It occasionally reminds us, indeed, of the work of Mr. George Meredith, but that is not because Mr. Hueffer has any intention of trying to copy Mr. Meredith. In subject, in point of view, and in style, the book is different from the ordinary novel; and there are some of us who are heartily glad to welcome a novel that shows that difference. We have found it very interesting. His central figure is a man who, for some reason which we do not attempt to explain, reminds us a little of Edward FitzGerald; yet there is nothing of Edward FitzGerald about him, except that he is a man of letters of more ability than industry. George Moffat, the Benefactor, was, if you care to put it so, at heart a meddler. He could not be happy unless he was meddling with young people, painters, men of letters, and so forth, who wanted a "leg-up." He extended his lust of benefaction until he found himself responsible for a mad clergyman and his two daughters, with one of whom—being himself a married and separated man—he fell in love; and then Nemesis fell upon him, as she will upon people who have more virtue than wisdom. Mr. Hueffer works his story to a good climax, in which this unfortunate Benefactor has

become the centre of a number of dramas, every single one of which ends unhappily, and for every single one of which his goodness is responsible. It is in a way a bitter novel; it is, at the same time, a manly and clear-sighted novel, the sadness of which it is very difficult to shake off. We need hardly say that it is much better written than most novels.

The Cloak of Friendship. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. (Murray, 6s.)

THE world is very old and very weary, and it likes now and then to turn its eyes back across the years and dream of the days when a new gospel of love was preached, when simplicity ruled for a while, and man saw his humanity anew in terms of universal love. It is on that vague period—for it came at all dates—in some vague country that Mr. Laurence Housman dwells in these pretty stories of his. We read first of a cloak which brought the wearer friendship with all things except man, because man alone of all creatures had refused to give a hair of his head to complete the cloak, at the cost of an individual life. Another story tells of a child who rescued a little devil from the cold and took him up to heaven; another, of the one just man who saved a city from destruction when Venus came back from the twilight of the gods, to usurp the place of Mary. Criticism is debarred, in dealing with such a book as this, from one important part of its function—it cannot touch the subject-matter. It has no right to say to an author or to his readers: You do not believe this; you do not draw from it anything more than pleasant æsthetic tickling. It must perforce keep silence, even from good words, realising, perhaps, with sorrow that there are people in the world who are content to receive from these things a pleasant æsthetic tickling. As to manner, which the very nature of a book like this enforces us to separate from matter, Mr. Laurence Housman is by now too familiar a writer for his style to need discussion. It achieves a certain beauty, but achieves it as a rule at the cost of all individuality, of all strength, of all sincerity. His well-known faults are less obvious in this book than in others of his which we have read. Indeed, there is here some of that genuine simplicity which, as a rule, he is too busy and self-conscious to achieve; and if, with important reservations, we recommend "*The Cloak of Friendship*," the reservation that it is mawkish is not one that we need to make.

As Dust in the Balance. By MRS. H. H. PENROSE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

SOMEBODY once said that there were only thirteen original stories in the world, and twelve of these could not be told in the drawing-room. Mrs. Penrose's novel does not add a fourteenth. Its plot is as old as the hills—as old, at least as Adam and Eve and the Serpent; and yet, in a way, no plot is really old. It becomes new when seen by new eyes, and told by a new tongue. Mrs. Penrose sees things for herself. Her story is the old one of a man and his wife who do not get on, and of a *tertium quid*, the man whom the wife ought all along to have married. There are as many ways of telling this story as there are men and women in the world, and, like the methods of making tribal lays, every single one of them is right, so long as the writer is true to himself. Mrs. Penrose is absolutely true to herself. She tells her story with a natural and direct simplicity, a depth of feeling and an appreciation of the weakness and loveliness of human nature that make it convincing on every page. There was a dreadful moment, indeed, when she used the old trick of letters placed in the wrong envelopes. We believed we had "caught her out" in derivative commonplace. We read on—and came to believe that it was simply *bravura* on her part. She wanted to show how close she could sail to the wind; for out of that hackneyed piece of absurdity she produced a new and very touching illustration of character which raised our already high respect for her work.

FINE ART

MINOR EXHIBITIONS

THE other day, a man came down to breakfast half awake, and leaning his head wearily on his hand he began: "I have had a most strange and beautiful dream. I dreamt I was in the country, somewhere in France. It was the sad soft hour of twilight and the olives were bending sadly under the soft south wind, and there was a sad soft peasant in a sad soft hat. The peasant was bending too, but not from the wind, though in the same direction. He had committed a great crime, for he had stolen something from the castle that loomed awfully in the distance. Did I say it was in France? Somehow I do not think it was France; perhaps it was Italy or Spain. And, now I come to think of it, it was not the sad grey of twilight but the sadder grey of dawn, and the trees were not olives, but maybe oaks or even poplars. There were no leaves on the trees, but only foliage, for no self-respecting tree is precise enough to bear leaves. The moon—or was it the sun?—was sadly shining on this sad man. Because he had committed a great crime. He had stolen from that castle which was thatched with straw, as was the way of castles in this strange land, many rare and precious things which he bore on his weary back. He had stolen the gold-points and the silver-points of Raphael and the copper plates of Rembrandt and the wood-blocks of Dürer. And he was bowed down, not so much with the weight of the gold-points and the silver-points and the copper plates, nor even with remorse at his crime, but chiefly because now he had got them he did not know what to do with them. The cold east wind—by the bye, I was mistaken in saying it was the warm south wind—was gently swaying the poplars, I mean the olives, or at least the trees, and the peasant, or rather the man who was dressed like a peasant, or as any self-respecting peasant ought to be dressed, was wearily climbing the hill or maybe descending the sombre valley, and there was no vulgar colour anywhere—and—" I remarked briskly: "Yes, very sad, very sad—would you mind passing me the chicken, I want something to chew after that."

If Professor Alphonse Legros were to attempt to express his later visions in words, I think it would have to be in some such form as I have indicated above. There are only forty-one works by him at the new premises of the Dutch Gallery in Old Bond Street, but there seems to be no particular reason, except the size of the Gallery, why there should not be four hundred and forty-one. It is strange that the painter whose earlier works, whatever their deficiencies, were not wanting in sharpness and edge, as witness the superb *Femmes en prière* at the Tate Museum, and many vigorous portraits, should have developed this very foggy resuscitation of past masters. Mere negation is not sufficient equipment for an artist. Dislike of nature as it is, and of modern painting as it is, does not *per se* produce works of art. It is regrettable that of all places in the world the delusion appears to be fostered at the New English Art Club, that home of daring experiment in former years. When artists begin to give up the struggle with nature and take the easy path of the pastiche, any further development is out of the question.

That personal vision and the study of nature can be reconciled with style and respect for tradition is proved once more by the work of Whistler, the *Connie Gilchrist* now on view at Messrs. Cartax's, in Bury Street, St. James's. The artist here has not set himself to an imitation of Velasquez, or Benozzo Gozzoli, or Utamaro, or a Pompeian fresco, yet he has succeeded in reminding us of all these beautiful things, whilst retaining hold of the original impression of *Connie Gilchrist* skipping. It is not even one of Whistler's most successful works. The action is almost too symbolical and rigid, and the drawing of the hands and knees and the curtain behind is tame and weak. But what glorious design! The skipping-rope placed sideways to cut the straighter folds of the curtain, the placing

of the hands, the bold and rich colouring—only Whistler could achieve these; and in contemplation of these qualities we pass over the defects of weak drawing and muddled painting. Perfect utterance should not be demanded of any artist, but chiefly that he should have something to say. Other works of special interest at this Gallery are the Turner, *Lake and Castle of Inverary*, an early work of great sweetness and delicacy; Barker of Bath, *Landscape with Cattle*, rather in the same style of early English landscape; James Ward, *The Cornfield*, more like the work of his brother-in-law, Morland, with little hint of the Titanic force of his *Harlech Castle* in the National Gallery; Reinagle, *A Farm and Pool*, a very subtle harmony of blues and pinks; and a masterpiece of Cornelis de Vos, *Dutch Babies*. The wise, sleepy, humorous look of these newly born mortals has been depicted with a wonderful simplicity and sureness of touch.

B. S.

MUSIC

THE CONCERTO

EACH one of the many highly developed forms in which music has learnt to express itself has a part of the history of the art wrapped up within it. Though this is not more true of the Concerto than of the Sonata or the Symphony, yet we are more directly reminded of its historical source while listening to it, since it is only in a very few cases that the matter is so high as to make us quite forget the elaborate construction and the doubly elaborate means used to set it forth. Has any Concerto completely achieved this, or achieved it to the same extent as the Symphony has? It was while I was listening to one of the greatest of Violin Concertos that the question presented itself very forcibly to my mind: Does the end justify the means, and if it does not here, can it ever be made to do so? In short, would not this music attain its end more directly if presented in the simpler form of the Symphony? Some years ago the answer to such questionings would have been plain. We should have been told that the object of the Concerto was to give the fullest possible scope to a solo performer and, that his arts might be heard to the best advantage, they were enriched and enhanced by the charm of orchestral colouring, but that this must in no way take so forward a place as to interfere with the supremacy of the solo instrument.

It is indeed strange that this should ever have come to be the meaning of a word so nearly the Latin equivalent of the Greek "Symphony." The derivation of the word "Concerto" as applied to music has for its very essence polyphony as opposed to solo performance. A glance at the history of the Concerto when in common with other instrumental forms it took its beginning early in the seventeenth century, shows the use of the word in this more primitive form. The "Concerti Grossi" of this period were planned for groups of solo instruments rather than for one, and it was only with the development of solo technique, undertaken by the great Italian violin schools, that the Concerto passed into a solo performance with purely subordinate accompaniment, retaining the name to which it had so slight a claim. Whenever Concertos were composed by the *virtuosi* who played them, this was inevitably the result, and so it comes about that from the days of Tartini and Corelli to the present day there have existed the two types, so different that it is almost incongruous that they should have a common name, the Concertos of performers, and those of composers who took this form for their musical expression, just as they took the Symphony or the Sonata. The question is: how far were they successful in making a form which sprang from considerations not primarily artistic, the natural and complete expression of the music that was in them? Or, to give the question a more practical turn, is the form one which can be so com-

pletely subjected to the needs of expression as to add to the artistic resource of modern composers?

When Brahms produced his first Piano Concerto, the D minor, his enemies accused him of writing a Symphony with piano obligato. If this charge were true, the subordination of the solo instrument to orchestral needs would be as much an error of judgment as the opposite course adopted by the *virtuosi*. We have in the Concerto a nice problem of the adjustment of means to one another, and the subordination of all to an end, in itself greater than each and all the means, which is somewhat akin to the problem of opera, though not so hopeless in its complexity. It would seem that composers have been more successful in dealing with the Piano Concerto than with that for a solo stringed instrument, and certainly the problem is simpler in that case. The piano, with its great possibilities of polyphony, may be regarded more as a group of instruments than as a single one, so that, as contrasted with the more massive tones of the orchestra, the result is more nearly akin to the early "Concerti Grossi" alluded to above. But in the violin Concerto there is an attempt to combine and reconcile two opposed principles, the individual and the social, the single tone with the combined, the autocratic with the democratic. If this can be done, then the Concerto becomes a wider means of expression than either the violin solo or the orchestral Symphony, but where it falls short of this result, it sinks below either, since it breaks the first principle of a work of art, namely, that the means employed should be proportioned to the end in view, not in excess of it.

In the few existing masterpieces of this kind, the Beethoven, or Brahms, or Mendelssohn Violin Concertos, it is at the points where the dual method of expression is most fully realised, that the attention is most powerfully held. For instance, at the beginning of the Beethoven Concerto, when the two principal themes have received their preliminary discussion, the attention is instantly riveted by the thin high tone of the violin making its more intimate and personal appeal, and the two are then exquisitely blended in the presentation of the theme which follows. The slow movement of the Brahms may be cited as a most perfect piece of dialogue writing, and, indeed, the leisure of the slow movement has often given to far less composers opportunities for achieving a justness of proportion which they could not reach in the stress of the larger movements. Often, therefore—and, though I say it with all humility, I feel it to be true of some passages even in the great works I have mentioned—one hears the solo instrument striving, with loss to its own sublime ethereal dignity, to be heard on equal terms with the orchestra. It is when this is the case that we wish the Concerto were a Symphony; when, on the other hand, the orchestra is cramped and maimed and made to do drudgery unworthy of it, we wish it were a solo with pianoforte accompaniment.

There is a practical difficulty connected with the Concerto which does not present itself in ordinary orchestral writing, namely, that having engaged your solo player and stood him up in front of the orchestra, you are bound to let him play—everything. You dare not, as you dare with your trombones or drums, or saxophone quartet, let him rest through whole movements to enter just at the right psychological moment, to sum up, as it were, the argument, or suggest another point of view. At a recent promenade concert at Queen's Hall two works, in which the solo is so used, were heard: Brahms's Symphony in C minor, and Richard Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben." In the slow movement of the Symphony, the entry of the violin solo with the return of the principal theme puts a crown upon the beautiful melody in a way that no amount of enriched scoring could have done. The new aspect of things presented by the violin solo in "Ein Heldenleben" is now well known to most people, together with the fanciful idea of feminine grace with which Strauss clothes it. At any rate it comes very happily at this point in the composition, though afterwards the interest in the dialogue

flags somewhat. I do not know whether Strauss has ever written a Violin Concerto; his treatment of the violin in "Ein Heldenleben" lacks just that power of sustaining the dual interest momentarily achieved, which must be the first requisite of a great Concerto in the future.

There must surely be a future for a form in which the great masters have so striven to express themselves and only partially succeeded; the Concerto will receive its fulfilment. For this a composer must be found, whose judgment and sense of proportion are so just that he can sustain throughout a work of such dimensions that principle of balance between solo and orchestra, which gleams with a somewhat fitful light through the greatest works of the kind. If Brahms went furthest in this direction it will be Brahms's successor, that man whom we so anxiously await, who may do this. When he comes, he will, to quote the pretty imagery of Strauss, bring together the Hero and the Heroine and unite them in a more perfect marriage than has yet been shown us, a union in which each shall be the complement of the other, and then shall we hear in the highest sense the "Concerto Grosso."

H. C. C.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TEACHING OF LITERATURE IN GERMANY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Concerning the teaching of literature in German schools, D.A. is quite right in his letter to you of October 4. We have a lot of teachers—and it is a pity, that they are the most of them—who cannot enjoy any literary work in a simple way, only for the joy it gives. They consider all poetry, etc., as objects for their critical and dissecting studies: They most do literary anatomy-work, a kind of Vivisection. They are real "Schulmeister," and such a one has no sense for any living life; everything must be dry as dust for their tastes, and dead, dissected in particles, classified, and quasi shut up in labelled bottles. They are the people, who cannot enjoy a flower, without plucking the leaves out, and counting the filaments, to find out to which Linné-class it belongs. Ask any German, what sentiments he remembers, concerning literature-lessons of his school-days. He will answer that he remembers a sentiment of awful tediousness and disgust; if he had some taste already as a boy, he will besides remember a furious wrath against the man at the desk, who analysed the finest literary work, and classified every particle, until there was nothing left of "literature" or "poetry," only a heap of æsthetic notions. And the soul of his "subject"—it had gone during the process of dissection and analisation. In most cases there is more poetry on a parade-ground, than in a school-lesson of literature in a German Gymnasium. Most probably you think I am exaggerating. To convince you, that I am not, please look at the Schiller number of the *Literarische Echo*, following under wrapper. This paper asked some of our best known literary men about their position to Schiller. In the answers you will find that they partly cannot refrain from expressing their disgust concerning the Schiller lessons in school. Excuse my bad English; I have no better.

Stuttgart, October 20.

ROBERT LUTZ.

MARJORIE OR MARJORY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of Mr. Macbean's "Pet Marjorie (Marjory Fleming)", you suggest that in a new edition it would be well "to adopt some consistent policy regarding the spelling of Maidie's name, whether Marjorie or Marjory." The suggestion is an excellent one. But what about the spelling of the name in the "Dictionary of National Biography"? The article is headed "Fleming (Margaret), called Pet Margarie," which shows the danger in Scottish biographies having been handed over to even so careful an English biographer as Mr. Leslie Stephen, who was responsible for this article.

Edinburgh, October 23.

G. S.

READINGS IN THE POETS—A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I suppose no one will deny that the vogue of Popular Concerts in London is now fairly established. However imperfect and untrained the average English appreciation of great masters may be it is none the less sincere—a man's pocket ever remaining the surest indicator of his heart.

Now where it is true that nearly every one in this country can read, it is equally true that the proportion of those who can read with due appreciation the classical works of English Literature is hardly greater

than the number of those who can fully interpret the master works of music.

To read Literature worthy of the name, properly, requires time and intimate acquaintance, which unfortunately the majority of men cannot find or make.

Chaucer's "prayer" aptly quoted by your contributor in your issue of 14th inst. reminds me of a wish I heard expressed some time ago. It was this: That an enterprising and well-read man would take a small hall of easy access and there give—not oratorio or dramatic displays, but simple readings from our greatest poetry. These could be either confined to, or illustrative of the style of, one poet; or could be Epic, Lyric, or Narrative Recitals.

The suggestion had nothing to do with Literary Lectures. We already have enough of them and to spare. Lecturers and politicians are very apt to get "intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity," and to explain away what they seek to substantiate. The opinion of your readers would be interesting.

October 24.

MAX PLOWMAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Mallet, Bernard. *Sir Louis Mallet*. Nisbet, 7s. 6d.
[A biography of the chief official representative of the school of Cobden, who helped to carry into effect the commercial treaty with France.]
A *Pietist of the Napoleonic Wars and After*. Murray, 15s. net.
[An authorised translation, by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard and M. W. Hoper, of the "Life of Countess von Reden," by Eleonore, Princess Reuss.
Gardner, Alice. *Theodore of Studium*. Arnold, 10s. 6d. net.
[An account of the life of Theodore, Abbot of Studium in Constantinople, from his birth in 759 to his death in 826 A.D., with a sketch of his character, influence, and work.]
A *Forgotten John Russell*. Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.
[The life of a business-man from 1724-1751, based on letters from many well-known seamen and others, arranged by Mary Eyre Matcham.]
May, Florence. *The Life of Johannes Brahms*. 2 vols. Arnold, 21s. net.
The *Autobiography of Samuel Smiles*. Edited by Thomas Mackay. Murray, 15s. net.
Williamson, George C. *Richard Cosway, R.A.* Bell, 10s. 6d. net.
Sichel, Walter. *Emma Lady Hamilton*. Constable, 21s. net.
Beebie, Harold. *Master Workers*. Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.
[Reprinted articles on the life-work of representative men—designed to show something of the various tendencies of modern inquiry.]
Aldis, Janet. *Madame Geoffrin*. Methuen, 10s. 6d. net.
[An account of the salon and times of Madame Geoffrin, of her friendships, and of the people she met—Voltaire, Montesquieu, the Pompadour, Greuze, Mozart, Hume, Horace Walpole, Marie Antoinette, etc. With sixteen illustrations.]
Williams, H. Noel. *Queens of The French Stage*. Harpers, 10s. 6d. net.
Tuckwell, W. *Horace*. Miniature Series of Great Writers. Bell, 1s. net.
Dillon, Edward. *Claude*. Little Books on Art. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

- Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know*. Edited by H. W. Mabie Heinemann, 5s.
Bimbo. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.
The *France Book*. Designed and coloured by M. Manchester. The De la More Press.
Shepherd-Walwyn, H. W. *Nature's Nursery*. Hutchinson, 6s.
A *Bevy of Girls*. By L. T. Meade, 6s.; *Shoulder Arms!* By G. Manville Fenn, 5s.; *Crab Cottage*. By Raymond Jackberrns, 3s. 6d.; *Dumps*. By L. T. Meade, 3s. 6d.; *Chambers' Effective Reciter*, 2s. 6d. Chambers.
The *Surprising Adventures of the Man in the Moon*. By Ray M. Steward. Jack, 4s. net.
Blackie's *Children's Annual*, 3s. 6d.; *Tales and Talks About Animals*, 3s. 6d.; *The Little Ones' Book of Bible Stories*, 2s. 6d.; *All the Best Nursery Stories and Rhymes*, 3s. 6d.; *Droll Doings*, 3s. 6d.; *A Hunting Alphabet*, 2s. 6d.; *Rhymes and Reasons*, 2s. 6d.; *The Mysterious Disappearance of What and Why*, 1s. 6d.; *The Black Cat Book*, 1s. 6d.; *Round the World*, 1s.; *Little Folks of Far Away*, 6d.; *Young Folks of Other Lands*, 6d.; *Children of Many Lands*, 6d.; *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*, 6d.; *The Babes in the Wood*, 6d.; *Wee Willie Winkie*, 6d.; *A Story Book for Me*, 1s.; *My Own Book of Nursery Tales*, 1s. Blackie.

FICTION.

- Penrose, Mrs. H. H. *As Dust in the Balance*. Alston Rivers, 6s. (See p. 1131.)
Sidgwick, Mrs. Alfred. *The Professor's Legacy*. Arnold, 6s. (See p. 1130.)
Housman, Laurence. *The Cloak of Friendship*. Murray, 6s. (See p. 1131.)
Hueffer, Ford Madox. *The Benefactor*. Brown, Langham, 6s. (See p. 1130.)
Wells, H. G. *Kippis*. Macmillan, 6s. (See p. 1129.)
Francis, M. E. *Wild Wheat*. Longmans, 6s. (See p. 1130.)
Wharton, Edith. *The House of Mirth*. Macmillan, 6s.
Deeping, Warwick. *The Seven Streams*. Nash, 6s.
Spender, R. E. S. *Display*. Lane, 6s.
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Dearmer, Mabel. *The Difficult Way*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Stephens, R. N. *The Flight of Georgiana*. Nash, 6s.
Osbourne, Lloyd. *Baby Bullet*. Heinemann, 6s.
Curtis, Captain. *The Idol of the King*. Hutchinson, 6s.
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Lancaster, G. B. *A Spur to Smite*. Melrose, 6s.
Hocking, Silas K. *The Flaming Sword*. Warne, 3s. 6d.
Gould, Nat. *A Bit of a Rogue*. Long, 1s.

HISTORY.

- McCarthy, Justin. *A History of Our Own Times*. 2 vols. Chatto & Windus, 24s. (See p. 1118.)
- Hume, Martin. *The Wives of Henry VIII*. Nash, 18s. net.
- Hertz, Gerald Berkeley. *The Old Colonial System*. Manchester: At the University Press, 7s. 6d. net.
- Marks, Alfred. *Who Killed Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey?* Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d. net. (See p. 1120.)
- Moore, Mabel. *Carthage and the Phœnicians*. Heinemann, 6s.
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- The Complete Works of Beaumont and Fletcher*. Vol. i. Cambridge University Press, 4s. net.
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LITERATURE.

- Brandes, George. *Young Germany*. Main Currents in Nineteenth-Century Literature, vol. vi. Heinemann, 12s. net.
- Works of Heinrich Heine*. Translated by Margaret Armour. Heinemann, 5s.
- [The third volume of Heine's works, embracing "Hebrew Melodies," and his last poems.]
- Rossetti, William Michael. *Bibliography of the Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti*. Ellis.
- Snell, F. J. *The Age of Transition*. Vols. i. and ii. Handbooks of English Literature. Bell, 3s. 6d. net per vol.
- [The first volume deals with the poets of the period 1400-1580, the second with the dramatists and prose-writers.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

- James, Henry. *English Hours*. Heinemann, 10s. net.
- [Articles reprinted from various periodicals, now illustrated by Joseph Pennell.]
- Goschen, Right Hon. Viscount. *Essays and Addresses on Economic Questions (1865-1893)*. Arnold, 15s. net.
- Lane, Mrs. John. *The Forbidden Fruit, or Shaddock, or Grape-Fruit*. How to serve and how to eat it. Lane, 6d.
- From December to December*. Murray, 5s. net.
- [A day-book of not very profound or interesting reflections.]
- Leigh, Leighton. "Brother East and Brother West." Heinemann, 3s. 6d.
- [A searchlight on the unemployed.]
- Marr, J. E. *An Introduction to Geology*. Cambridge University Press, 3s. net.
- Pope, Jesse Eliphalet. University of Missouri Studies: *The Clothing Industry of New York*. University of Missouri, \$1.25.
- Holt, Emily. *The Secret of Popularity*. Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.
- [Advice to young and old: to woman "How to be admired by men"; to man: "How to be a Gentleman!"]
- Bérard, Victor. *The Russian Empire and Czarism*. Nutt.
- [Translated by G. Fox-Davies and G. O. Pope. Deals with the land and its history; religions and nationalities; Russianisation; and Czarism.]
- Medlicott, A. E. *India and the Apostle Thomas*. Nutt, 10s. 6d. net.
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REPRINTS.

- Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. 3 vols. Duckworth, 30s. net.
- Upton, C. B. *Dr. Martineau's Philosophy*. New edition. Nisbet, 7s. 6d.
- Jefferies' *After London*. Duckworth, 6s.
- Essays of Elia*. 2 vols. Heinemann's Favourite Classics, 6d. each.
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- Carlton Classics: Thackeray's *The Four Georges*; Macaulay's *Warren Hastings*; Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Long, leather, 1s. net; cloth, 6d. net; paper, 3d. net.

SCIENCE.

- Saleeby, C. W. *Heredity; Organic Evolution*. Jack's Shilling Scientific Series.
- [“Popular” books which aim at giving the reader an outline of the subjects with which they deal, and—sometimes—avoid the use of technical phrases.]

THEOLOGY.

- Broadbent, S. J. *Science: the Demonstrator of Revelation*. Nisbet, 2s. 6d. net.
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- Noyes, Ella. *The Casentino and its Story*. Illustrated in colour and line by Dora Noyes. Dent, 10s. 6d. net.
- Del Mar, Walter. *India of To-day*. Black, 6s.
- [Notes of the places and things to be seen in a ten weeks' tour in India. With thirty-two full-page illustrations from photographs.]
- Sladen, Douglas; and Lorimer, Norma. *More Queer Things about Japan*. Peace edition. Treherne, 7s. 6d. net.
- Taylor, Marie Hansen. *On Two Continents*. Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.
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Travels of a Naturalist in Northern Europe. By J. A. Harvie-Brown, F.R.S.E. 2 vols. (Unwin, £3 3s. net.)—We of this generation watch the autumn fieldfare flocks, or the clanging wedges of wild geese coming in from the north, with the same attention and wonder with which Homer once saw, with others' eyes or his own, the cranes winging their way southward, "fleeing from winter and the inordinate rains." Even stranger than the summer or winter sojourning of these partial residents in our country is the habit of certain species which only appear in these islands on the autumn migration to lands further to southward, or on their way back in early summer to their remote northern breeding-places. When these breeding-places lie altogether beyond the fringe of civilised human occupation, hidden in the scarcely trodden Arctic wildernesses, the attraction of the mystery is supreme. To solve this mystery in the case of six particular species was one chief object of the expedition undertaken by the author to the Petchora River in the Government of Archangel, in company with the celebrated naturalist Seebohm, in the year 1875. The enterprise was crowned with success by the discovery of the nests of three of these species—the Little Stint, the Grey Plover, and Bewick's Swan. Of the three others sought, the Curlew Sandpiper was found breeding soon afterwards by Drs. Finsch and Brehm near the mouth of the River Obi, while the eggs of the Sanderling were discovered by the *Alert and Discovery* expedition in 1876, at the extreme northern limit of animal life. Here, too, the nestlings were found of the sixth species—the Knot; but no nest of the Knot with eggs has ever yet been fully described, though the eggs were stated to have been found by Parry's Arctic expedition as long ago as 1820, and for a knowledge of the eggs we are dependent upon one specimen taken from the ovary of a dead bird, now in the museum of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and a few others—perhaps half a dozen in all—obtained more recently from birds kept by naturalists in captivity. The results of this important expedition were summarised in papers contributed to ornithological journals, and it was also described in Seebohm's book, "Siberia in Europe," published in 1880. But these volumes also contain the record of two previous expeditions, hitherto undescribed, which were undertaken by the author and a friend to the Dwina estuary and the city of Archangel in 1872, and to the more familiar hunting-ground of the central Norwegian plateau in 1871. Though the story is now an old one, it still retains an exhilarating vitality, owing to little or no alteration having been made for publication in the exuberant and informal character of this naturalist's diary as filled up from day to day. The book is rather one for a naturalist's library than for general reading, yet there are many passages of character and travel which no reader could fail to appreciate. Care has been taken to supply good maps of the routes, beside a full index, copious tabulated scientific results, and some interesting plates and illustrations.

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